

THE CHAMPS: PACKERS AND CHIEFS

Sports Illustrated

JANUARY 9, 1967 40 CENTS

Green Bay's Bart Starr blitzes Dallas with four touchdown passes



Now get the
grooming action
of a hair cream
from a liquid.

and that's not all.

If you haven't been getting all you want from a liquid hair groom, get new Score Liquid. Gives you the great grooming action of a cream. That's because new clear Score Liquid is made by the men who make clear Score Hair Cream. So you get great grooming action. And you also get Score's famous greaseless look, Score's famous masculine scent.

Score Liquid Hair Groom

Score—Three ways. Hair Cream, Spray Deodorant, Liquid Hair Groom.



©1997 Warner Bros. Co.



The Mercedes-Benz 250S: why it's more likely to end up in a museum than a junkyard.

Mercedes-Benz engineers are too busy building efficient machines to bother with frills and annual face-lifts.

Their efforts have earned over 3,400 patents and loyal owners in 158 countries. Their latest achievement is the 250S Sedan, recently introduced as a rather unorthodox competitor in the "luxury" price class.

**"It appeals to the intellect,
not the libido"**

—*Road & Track magazine*

The 250S is unorthodox because it refuses to pander to snobs and status-seekers.

For example, it carries as many people and as much luggage as its status-conscious rivals—but measures a full two feet shorter. A drawback in the show-off sweepstakes, but the 250S darts into parking slots that its hefty cousins can't. It tucks into garages, weaves through traffic, and handles with almost laughable ease.

**"It is one of man's most
perfect mechanical devices"**

—*Car and Driver magazine*

The 250S repays your investment with technical brilliance, not gewgaws. Instead of being satisfied with a conventional suspension, Mercedes-Benz engineers devised a fully independent

suspension that offers "a combination of riding comfort and stability that is the standard for comparison," says *Road & Track*. The source was a world-championship Mercedes-Benz racing car.

Note: The engineers added a hydraulic spring to the rear axle of the 250S. If you stow a heavy load in the trunk, this spring silently pumps itself up. The car keeps riding level.

**"The car has enormous
stopping power"**

—*Car and Driver*

Disc brakes are bolted to all four wheels of the 250S, a system identical to 180-mph Grand Prix machines. These fade-free brakes not only stop you, they *keep* stopping you.

It is almost impossible to lock up the rear wheels in a brutal panic stop. The reason: a valve in the brake system that *balances* front and rear-wheel braking forces.

While it can loaf all day at 90 mph, the 6-cylinder, single overhead camshaft 250S engine also delivers 20 miles per gallon in normal use. It is machined to tolerances of *four 10,000ths* of an inch.

Body welded 10,000 times

Your 250S won't be a slenzy hulk in a couple of years. Sixteen different gauges of sheet metal go into its "unit" body, welded at 10,000 points to form a rigid, rattle-free shell. After hand filing has smoothed away all

burs, the body is submerged, not dipped, in a primer bath. It emerges with 24 pounds of primer etched on. Another 24 pounds of undercoat protect the underside. Even the insides of the hub caps are sprayed with an anti-corrosion coating.

Going to Europe? Send now for free kit.

You can order your 250S here and pick it up in Europe. Having your own car while abroad guarantees more travel enjoyment—no crowds, no awkward schedules. When you return home, your 250S comes, too. And overseas delivery saves you *hundreds* of dollars.

For full details, see your Mercedes-Benz dealer. Or clip and send the coupon below now and get a free, fact-filled kit.

Mr. Peter Grönl,
Mercedes-Benz, Dept. S 13
195 Linwood Plaza,
Fort Lee, N.J. 07024



Please send me the free Mercedes-Benz
European Delivery Information Kit.

Name

Address

City

State Zip

Why No.1 has to do something about Avis:



No.1

Avis

In 3 years, No.1's share of car rentals dropped from 56% to 50%. Avis' share jumped from 29% to 35%.

You've probably noticed the big change in No.1's advertising lately.

No more jolly man flying into the driver's seat.

Instead, they've come out with a get-tough-with-Avis campaign.

Why?

Because No.1's share of the rent a car business is getting smaller.

And Avis' share is getting bigger. (Based on the latest figures from 26 major airports.)

Trying harder is paying off.

Spotless Plymouths, full gas tanks and smiles you can believe have been bringing No.1's customers to Avis.

The trend is clear.

If Avis isn't stopped, we'll be No.1 by 1970.

Contents

JANUARY 9, 1967 Volume 26, No. 2

Cover photograph by Neil Leifer

The Pro Championships

- 8 *Green Bay outscores Dallas in an NFL thriller*
14 *Kansas City overpowers Buffalo to win the AFL*

18 Wimpy Was a Sleeping Beauty

The world pool championship was on the line, so Luther Latimer decided it was a good time to take a nap

20 Best and Worst of the Bowls

In a heretical roundup, the heroes and goats of the college holiday games and, for posterity, the all-bowl team

22 A Win over Northern Cookin'

Louisville's coach found some beans and corn bread in Philadelphia and won the Quaker City tournament

28 Big Action in a Phone Booth

Illegal bookmakers in this country carry on a booming business, and much of it is done in your corner drugstore

34 A Treasure of a Links

The most talked-about new golf course in America is Spyglass Hill, which the touring pros will test this month

42 Life as a Nearsighted Fish

A myopic wife joins her husband as he sharks, and finds her faulty vision adds a new dimension to the sport

56 A Tribe of Runners

The Tarahumara Indians of Mexico's barranca country will race for days at the drop of a hackball

The departments

- | | |
|------------------|----------------------|
| 5 Scorecard | 55 Bridge |
| 49 People | 68 Basketball's Week |
| 50 Tennis | 70 For the Record |
| 52 Winter Sports | 71 19th Hole |



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, published weekly, except one issue at year end, by Time Inc., 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60611; principal office: Hearst Building, New York, N.Y. 10020; James A. Latta, President; D. W. Brundage, Treasurer; Bernard Barnes, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, IL and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash, U.S. and Canadian subscriptions \$5.00 a year. Military personnel anywhere in the world \$6 a year; all other \$7.9 a year.

Credits on page 70

Next week

SUPER BOWL PREVIEW by Tex Maule details the moods and morns of Green Bay and Kansas City. An expert analysis of the first confrontation of the NFL and AFL champions.

GIRLS IN THE SUN wear the new swimwear, which are cut away to a minimum or pasted on. Jay Minsel photographs them in Arizona, and Liz Smith writes about resort life there.

JACK KENT COOKE, owner of three Los Angeles pro teams, hopes someday to have so many that one will always be in action. Bob Ottum describes this sporting tycoon.

SCORECARD

THE SUPERBOWL

As it now stands, for the next two years the NFL will be split up into four divisions of four teams each—the Federal, the Capitol, the Central and the Coastal. At the conclusion of the regular season the winner of the Federal Division will play the winner of the Capitol Division for the championship of the Eastern Conference, and the winner of the Central Division will play the winner of the Coastal Division for the championship of the Western Conference. The conference champions will then play for the NFL championship, and the winner of that game will play the winner of the game between the winners of the AFL-NFL's two conferences in the AFL-NFL/World Championship, or the Super Bowl. Including the NFL's Playoff Bowl and the NFL and AFL Pro Bowls, there will be eight post-season games and, of superimportance to the 16 owners, no team in the NFL can finish worse than fourth.

However, we feel that the owners haven't really thought this thing out. If they divided each division in half no team could finish lower than second. The subdivision winners would then play for the division titles, the division champions would play for the conference titles, the conference champions would play for the NFL title and the NFL champion would play the AFL champion in the Super Bowl sometime in June. Meanwhile, the second-place teams would be playing each other in a series of Playoff Bowls. The winner of the final Playoff Bowl would play the runner-up in the AFL in the Super Playoff Bowl. Finally, the champion of the Super Playoff Bowl would play the loser of the Super Bowl in the Super Bowl Loser-Super Playoff Bowl Winner Second Place Super Championship Bowl.

NEW DEALS

If a study now under way shows that the expanded live and taped TV coverage of the Notre Dame-Michigan State football

game did not unduly affect attendance at other college games played the same day, the NCAA television committee may designate the third Saturday in November as an open date, to be called wild-card Saturday. Beginning in 1968 the game which shapes up as having the greatest national appeal would be televised on that date. However, Michigan State-Notre Dame is out as a wild card. For one thing, the Big Ten, reportedly piqued because the 1966 game overshadowed such traditional conference rivalries as Michigan-Ohio State, has ruled that all games between Big Ten teams and nonconference opponents must henceforth be played before Nov. 1.

SIGHTLESS IN GEORGIA

Some time ago (SI, Oct. 20, 1958) we told of the wonderful ability of Lucky McDaniel to teach what he calls "instant" shooting. Lucky, who operates out of Columbus, Ga., can take a person who has never handled a gun and, within an hour, have him smashing clay pigeons—not with a shotgun but with a sightless .22 rifle. Lucky starts a pupil with a BB gun, also sightless, and shortly he is hitting pennies tossed in the air. In less time than seems credible—say two hours—the pupil is hip-shooting with a pistol at pine cones with scarcely a miss.

Now the U.S. Army has adopted Lucky's method, which he demonstrated at Fort Benning on several occasions. The Army was impressed, naturally, but the question remained as to whether anyone lacking Lucky's genius as a teacher could pass on his skill. Experiments being conducted at Forts Benning, Polk, Gordon and Jackson indicate that the method can, in fact, be taught by others.

Colonel William Koob, who is in charge of the Weapons Department of the Army's Infantry School, reports that at Benning the experiment has consisted of intensive training of cadres, whose members in turn train others. The cadres start by shooting small aerial targets with a sightless BB gun, then advance

to ground targets, then to a .22 rifle fired at 25 meters, and finally to service rifles—the M14 and M16—with their sights obscured. So far, at Benning, there are 10 men who, according to Colonel Koob, "can take an M14 with 20 rounds in it and, at 100 meters, dump all 20 into an area that can be covered with a helmet." The M14, remember, is without sights.

Colonel Koob points out that Lucky's technique, which the Army is calling "quick kill" shooting and which will soon be taught at battalion level, will obviously be handy for the type of warfare being waged in Vietnam.

Moreover, deadly shooting isn't the only benefit. "We have discovered," says Colonel Koob, "that youngsters who take this training become better soldiers. They take pride in what they can do—it sets them apart—and they take better care of their equipment, and they are eager to practice on their own time."

UP THE IRISH—AND THE BRITISH

The rise of field hockey players' skirts in the British Isles has been described by its historians as creeping, steady and, save for a scandalous deviation in 1923, unspectacular. In 1909 skirts were raised from six to eight inches above the ground. In 1920 they were up to 12 inches. Then, in 1923, they were dangerously



elevated to three inches above the ground while kneeling! In 1924 they were set at 4½ inches (while kneeling), and in 1961 at six inches (while kneeling).

Now the All-England Hockey Association wants to go for seven. "We have already approved the extra inch at our meeting last July," says Mrs. Margaret Macdonald, the association secretary, *carried*



I just had
a completely
unique experience
...my first Colt 45
Malt Liqueur.



and the proposal will be submitted to the Hockey Board of Great Britain and Northern Ireland. "No individual association can make the change," she explains, reassuringly.

"We have to go with fashion and what the youngsters want," Mrs. Macdonald adds, "although it is by no means a miniskirt. But it is an attractive length. If they get too short they only tend to fly away—if you know what I mean by 'fly away'—in a strong wind. They are also not very elegant when the players are bullying or bending over. If you do not set a limit, there is no doubt we would get the most extraordinary sights. We still do, even with the rule operative."

ARNIE'S ARNFUL

What with Arnold Palmer golf clubs, Arnold Palmer golf balls, Arnold Palmer golf gloves, Arnold Palmer golf schools, Arnold Palmer driving ranges, Arnold Palmer putting courses, Arnold Palmer dry-cleaning centers and Arnold Palmer skating rinks, it seems that no matter which way you turn, Arnold Palmer is coming out of the walls. Well, he's coming on the walls—on Arnold Palmer wallpaper with "sketches of the master in action, closeups illustrating technique and words of advice from Arnold Palmer himself on such points as hand action for short putches." Had enough? Wait till next Christmas—Arnold Palmer Christmas trees!

FAST AND SWEET

A few years back, when the Rome police department bought a couple of Ferraris, a detective was asked why such expensive cars were needed. "For catching stolen Ferraris," was the reply. Following this reasoning, the cops will now have to buy Lamborghini Muiaras to catch Lamborghini Muiaras. Named after Spain's celebrated fighting bull and powered by a V-12 engine mounted sideways over the rear wheels, the Miura has a top speed of 190 mph, making it the fastest production car in the world. Admittedly, 190 mph is more suited to Monza than the Via del Tritone but, as Ferruccio Lamborghini, who makes the Miura, explains, "We wanted to build a 190-mph car which a woman could also drive sweetly from one stoplight to the next." Not many women will have the pleasure; only 124 Muiaras will be built in 1967, and 91 have already been spoken for—at an asking price of \$16,500.

Ferruccio Lamborghini is best known in Italy for his tractors. "For me," he says, "making cars is *my hobby*." The Miura is Lamborghini's second car. The first, a GT, has been in production since 1964. Twenty GTs are turned out each month at his factory near Modena, and they sell for \$14,000 and up.

Lamborghini took up his hobby in 1961, after he kept burning out the clutch on a Ferrari GT. "I went to see Ferrari," he recalls, "and I said, 'Look, why should this damn clutch burn out on me every 15 days?' 'It's your fault,' Ferrari answered me. 'It's the way you drive.' 'All right then,' I said, 'I'll build a better GT car than yours.'"

So far, Lamborghini's GTs have been a losing proposition, but he is out to break even in 1967. "At first we lost from \$4,000 to \$5,000 on each car," Lamborghini says. "Now we've pared it down to \$400 or \$500." However, he is agnostic at the prospect that his GTs and Muiaras might be profitable. "I'm willing to manufacture another 1,000 tractors a year," he says, "but I want there to be fewer than 500 new Lamborghini cars each year. Lamborghini doesn't want to make an industry out of making automobiles. Lamborghini is made to make things that are new and difficult."

THE PRICE OF FREEDOM

With the mass exodus from English jails unabated—31 convicts escaped from 11 different prisons over the Christmas holidays—Maurice Davis, a London bookie, is laying odds on how many inmates go over the wall on a given day. Davis' prices: 5 to 2 against one prisoner escaping, 5 to 1 two prisoners; 10 to 1 three; 20 to 1 four, 33 to 1 five. If the better names the prison from which he fences the prisoner (or prisoners) will escape, the odds are doubled.

MUSKRATS AND BLUE SEALS

Smuggling gives the Philippines a bigger headache than San Miguel beer. The loss to the government in duty from hot refrigerators, washing machines, sunglasses, cigarettes, etc. has been estimated at \$1 billion a year. The loss to the two-peso bettor, who unwittingly bets against hot horses, has not been computed. Since, by law, horses not foaled in the Philippines cannot race on Philippine tracks, and since, by heredity, home-bred horses are what racetrackers derogatorily refer to as "breds" or "muskrats," thoroughbreds are also smuggled into the islands, principally from Australia.

Actually, the law permits imported horses to race in the Philippines as long as they are born there. Taking advantage of this loophole, several stud farms import pregnant mares. Still, it's the owners of smuggled horses who make the real killings and not only at the windows. There are a number of charity sweepstakes races, and the owner of a horse that wins a sweep gets the equivalent of 10% of the winning ticket, or as much as \$25,000.

The Philippine Games and Amusements Board, which supervises racing, figures that perhaps 900 horses have been smuggled in over the past four years. These horses are called "blue seals," because contraband cigarettes have blue seals on the packs. Says Justiniano Montano Jr., of the GAB: "They're second-rate horses by Australian standards, but they can win here." Well, they could until a month ago. Now all bets are off. Philippine President Marcos, fed up with the horsing around, suspended all racing, including the \$250,000 Christmas sweepstakes, until an investigation is concluded. According to state breeders, for that race alone 15 of the 21 starters would have been blue seals.

TV SLUMP

Those mind-expanding drugs, the sexual revolution and beating the draft make the headlines, but what the college generation is really suffering from is television slump. So, anyway, says George Sullivan, an athletic trainer and physical therapist at the University of Nebraska. Speaking of the Nebraska student body, Sullivan says, "They are bigger, fatter and have poorer posture than any group since the Korean war. I doubt that 5% of them can be classified as being in good physical condition. We can have blinding blizzards out here, and I don't know that any one of them would last 10 minutes in one."

Sullivan blames TV for bad posture. "The students get round shoulders and curvature of the spine from sitting with the weight of their bodies resting mainly on their necks," he says.

But all's not lost to *The Green Hornet*. The President's Council on Physical Fitness reports that the latest tests show that the average 12-year-old is faster, stronger and better-coordinated than his 19-year-old brother was at the same age. In fact, it was big brother's shockingly poor performance on the same tests that revealed the extent of the fitness gap (SI, May 26, 1953).

END

It's become the British habit.



ONYX FOR MEN... the bracing, buoyant scent that Englishmen created for Englishmen. Onyx lotions, colognes, soaps and powders have come to belong to the City-and-County contingent as unmistakably as the perfectly-placed bowler. Newly in America, for those men who will settle for nothing less than an air of effortless elegance. **LENTHERIC** LONDON • PARIS • NEW YORK

Nikon F, the choice of photo journalists the world over, the earnest camera for people in earnest about photography. Available with standard prism reflex finder or interchangeable Photomic T thru-the-lens meter system. See your dealer for details or write: Nikon Inc., Garden City, New York 11533. Subsidiary of Ehrenreich Photo-Optical Industries, Inc. (In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd., P.Q.)

Today there's almost no other choice.



GREEN BAY ROLLS HIGH

Cowboy Don Meredith harassed the Packers' defense all day, but a rambling, gambling Bart Starr passed Green Bay to another NFL championship and into the Super Bowl against the Kansas City Chiefs **by TEX MAULE**

Having lived luxuriously on poise and control all season, the Green Bay Packers won their second straight National Football League championship last Sunday in Dallas by defeating the Cowboys 34-27 in a flamboyant display of football histrionics. It may not have been the best game ever played, but for pure suspense and unremitting excitement no championship game has approached it for at least eight years.

After all the fireworks and the fumbles, the long passes and the short punts that kept 72,000 Texans and 3,500 Green Bay supporters howling steadily, the whole thing boiled down to four Cowboy plays from the Green Bay two-yard line in the last two minutes of the game.

The Cowboys, who were supposed to be the club that would dissolve if the Packers struck hard and quick, spent the long, bright afternoon demonstrating an extraordinary ability to snarl at adversity. They were scored on twice in the first four and a half minutes to trail the league's most formidable defense by 14 points, but they tied the game by the end of the first period on two long, unflustered drives engineered by Quarterback Don Meredith.

Then, with five minutes and 20 sec-

onds left to play, the Cowboys slipped 14 points behind again and Meredith faced third down with 20 yards to go from his own 32-yard line. What did he do? He threw a 68-yard touchdown pass to Frank Clarke, his tight end. That big play, like so many others, was a mixture of good planning and good luck.

"Frank ran a zig-out and post move," Meredith said later in the dressing room, slouching sadly on a bench in front of his locker and trying to find solace in a cigarette and a can of Dr. Pepper. "I wanted to freeze Willie Wood, their free safety, so I watched Hayes all the way. Wood was helping out on him, and I waited until I was sure he was out of Clarke's way. I looked at Clarke only at the last second."

What Meredith saw was Clarke alone as a New Year's Day pedestrian on a Dallas street. Tom Brown, the strong-side Green Bay safety who was covering Clarke, had slipped and fallen when the receiver broke to the inside. With Wood preoccupied by Hayes, no one was left to guard Clarke.

The touchdown came with four minutes and nine seconds to play and moved Dallas to within seven points of a tie. Suddenly the Cowboys appeared to be

the dominant team, and even Bart Starr (see cover), who cast off his conservative ways for this game, disdained the usual tactic of running out the time on the ground. He got one first down with a daring pass to his tight end, Marv Fleming. Then the Cowboys, gamblers all, blitzed twice. They dropped Starr for an eight-yard loss and caught Jim Taylor seven yards behind the line of scrimmage on a screen pass.

So Don Chandler had to punt. Hurried by an all-out rush from the Cowboy line, he kicked a little trickler out of bounds on the Green Bay 47. The Texans in the stands began to howl in anticipation of a sudden-death overtime game, and Meredith nearly brought it off for them. Don went back to Clarke on a 21-yard pass down to the Green Bay 26, again using Hayes to decoy two Packer defenders out of the pattern. Then he tried Clarke deep in the end zone, and the pass fell incomplete. But Dave Robinson was called for interference and Dallas had the ball on the Green Bay two-yard line. With a minute and 52 seconds to play, the Cowboys had more than ample time in which to score.

Meredith tried the Packer line first,

continued

Boyd Dowler already had scored the game's decisive touchdown when he was upended by frustrated Mike Beecher of the Cowboys.



but Dan Reeves got only a yard before the Packers fell on him en masse. Still it was second and goal on the Green Bay one.

"We didn't have a very good game defensively," Linebacker Lee Roy Caffey said later in the dressing room. "But down there, man, it was love, pure love. We knew we could stop them. We got together and said we couldn't let the offensive team down. They had played such a beautiful game. For the first time, down there on the two, we knew we could stop them."

Whether or not the Green Bay defenders actually could have stemmed the Cowboy drive from so close in was never proved. Meredith started his countdown for the next play, but Jim Boeke, the Cowboy left tackle who had played well all day, moved ahead of the snap, and the head linesman dropped his yellow handkerchief.

"I just blew it," Boeke said later, mopping himself with a damp towel. "It was my fault. It was 15 grand a man down there, and you want to do everything right, but it gets tough."

Penalized back to the Green Bay six, Meredith was forced to change his call. He knew that he would not be able to go six yards on the ground through the Green Bay defense. He tried a swing pass to Reeves, but the ball was wide of its target. It served one purpose—it stopped the clock, with a minute and 18 seconds to play.

Meredith passed again on the next down, hitting Tight End Pettis Norman for four yards. With fourth down and two to go for sudden death, Meredith

made a daring choice—a play called by the Cowboys "fire 90 quarterback roll right." It was an option for Meredith swinging wide. If the defense comes up he throws, if it drops back he runs.

This time he hoped to fool the Green Bay defense by running to the nearer sideline, where he had less room but more blockers. Dave Robinson, the massive Green Bay left linebacker, had made up his mind that the play would be either an off-tackle drive by Don Perkins or Dan Reeves, or a quarterback bootleg.

"I really looked for the off-tackle," he said after the game. "That is, if the play came to my side, I was aware of the bootleg, but I figured he wouldn't use that to the short side. As it turned out, he did."

Robinson's initial charge was into the tackle hole, but he realized at once that he was wrong and fought to the outside, fending off a blocker as he closed in on Meredith. "He played it perfectly," Meredith said ruefully. "He came in with his hands up high, screening off my receivers until he got close enough, and then he dropped his arms around me. I couldn't do anything but flip the ball into the end zone and hope someone in a white jersey would catch it."

"I tried to pin both his arms," Robinson said, "but all I could get was his left. As I grabbed him, I thought that I hadn't done what I was supposed to do. Under Lombardi, you always try for perfection, and if I had played this one perfectly I would have had both of his arms. This way he got the ball away, and there was a 50-50 chance that a Cowboy would

catch it in the end zone." But it was not to be. Tom Brown, a frustrated ex-baseball tryout who had had the misfortune to fall down on Clarke's touchdown, caught the ball in the end zone and hugged it to his belly, bent over as if to make sure that it would not escape.

So the game ended on the note upon which it had begun, and as it had been played in its entirety—a note of improvisation, luck and emotional effort.

The Packers, who had scored often during the season on sustained, controlled marches and saved more than one game by using up the clock with a steady ground game, bombed Dallas. The first of Starr's four touchdown passes was for 17 yards to Elijah Pitts on a march that began with the opening kickoff. Pitts had opened proceedings by trundling 32 yards on a counterplay that Lombardi had created for the occasion.

Then Jim Grabowski, the rich rookie who has stood in the wings all year waiting for Jim Taylor to tire, picked up Mel Renfro's fumble on the following kickoff and went 18 yards for the second Packer touchdown. The explosive, long-gaming Cowboys marched grimly for one touchdown—65 yards in 13 plays—and reverted to form for a second with Don Perkins breaking two tackles on the way to a 23-yard score. Then the Green Bay bombers hit again.

Starr found Carroll Dale with a 51-yard scoring pass. Dale was covered by Cornell Green, who misjudged his jump for the ball. It sailed over his arm into the hands of Dale. The last two Green Bay touchdowns were a 16-yard pass to

The Green Bay Rookies gave the Old Men their second touchdown in the first five minutes when Bob Brown (78) and Dale Gillingham (48)



Boyd Dowler and a 28-yard pass to veteran Max McGee, who improvised the pattern as he left the huddle and called back to Starr to ask if he could run it.

"It was a zig-out," Max said. "I had a feeling I could beat Livingston on it." He did.

The preparation for the game, by both teams, was peculiarly disingenuous. The Packers, many of whom have gone through this sort of thing in five of the last seven years, claimed that they had never been more tense. Getting ready for their first championship game, the Cowboys tried to pretend that it was not such a big deal and assumed an air of elaborate casualness.

On New Year's Eve the Cowboys prepared to the Holiday Inn-Central, as they always do before a home game. Jethro Pugh, clutching three oranges in one large hand as easily as the average man would hold three Ping-Pong balls, expressed the Cowboy attitude: "We worked hard to get into this game, we deserve to be in it and we're going to win it. Just watch."

Tom Landry, the Dallas coach, is a placid, unruffled man under any circumstances, and he approached the championship game with his normal icy calm. Pete Gent, the tall flanker who did not play college football—he was recruited from the Michigan State basketball team—said, "Coach Landry has gone about this as if it were any other game. No trace at all of nerves or doubt. I think that because he shows he really believes in us and our ability, we believe in ourselves."

On the bulletin board in the Cowboy



Dan Reeves of the Cowboys hurdles a Green Bay defender on one of several successful carries.

dressing room, someone posted a pen for the players to ruminate on all last week:

I have seen the wicked in great power
And spreading himself like a Green
Bay tree

Yet he passed away and lo, he was
not;

Yea, I sought him, but he could not
be found.

Beneath the cool that the Cowboys tried so hard to maintain, there was a bit of testiness. "We read all about how Green Bay is going to beat us and then go on out to Los Angeles and win the

Super Bowl," said All-Pro Tackle Bob Lilly, a giant of a man with shoulders like steel beams. "That gets to us a little. We have played them. We have beat them. We can do it again. We aren't afraid of them."

While the Cowboys could work in the friendly atmosphere of their own practice field, Lombardi herded the Packers from Green Bay to Tulsa in search of a warmer climate. In Tulsa he found the same thing he had left behind in Green Bay—snow and ice. Where Landry used an understated approach in order to settle the nerves of his young Cowboys, Lombardi did just the opposite.

continued

By Mel Renfro on a kickoff return, saving Renfro to fumble at the Cowboys' 16-yard line. Jim Grabowski scooped up the ball and scored easily.





Defeat for Dallas was at hand after Pethy Norman was hit out of bounds at the two.

site in order to nettle his veterans into the ferocity he expects from his teams.

He snapped and snarled at them all week long. The last note of levity came in Green Bay just before the departure for Tulsa, when Paul Hornung (who was to spend the entire game Sunday on the bench) broke up the team with a story about Lombardi that reflects the respect and awe with which his players regard him. According to Hornung, when the team returned to Green Bay at 2 o'clock in the morning after their season-ending Los Angeles victory, Lombardi was delayed for an hour or so at the airport in zero weather, signing autographs and talking to well-wishers. By the time he got home he was almost frozen. When he finally got into bed his wife, Marie, shivered and said, "God, your feet are cold." Said Lombardi, sleepily, "In bed you may call me Vincent, dear."

Lombardi laughed as hard as the players at the joke, but once the team arrived at the Camelot Inn in Tulsa he worked them mercilessly.

Fuzzy Thurston, the fine Green Bay guard, said in his oratorical style, "This game will prove for all time, for all history, the greatness of my teammates. This is the big one for all of us. There are players on this team who are near retirement, and none of us wants to retire with a bad taste in his mouth. As the great Johnny Blood once said, 'We professional athletes are very lucky. Unlike most mortals, we are given the privilege of dying twice—once when we retire and again when death takes us.'" Now Thurston, a blocky, square, very tough-looking man, lowered his voice to a sentimental organ tone. "I would like to die happy," he said.

Under Lombardi's searing tongue, the Packers worked tirelessly on the chill University of Tulsa practice field. Lombardi played no favorites in his tirades. Hornung came in for a lashing when he made a cut a fraction wider than Lombardi had drawn the play. Jerry Kramer, three times an All-League guard, was the target of violent admonishment because he was not getting off on the snap of the ball. He accepted his lot philosophically.

"I've got a bad thumb and a sore leg

and a little muscle pull," he said one evening after practice. "Vinnie knows that and he knows that I can't take a chance on making any of them worse, but he's got to get on me because that's his nature. He never lets down."

By Friday night, after the team had flown to Dallas and had a good practice on a local high school field, Lombardi had relaxed. At the "5 o'clock club," a traditional road-game pouring in Lombardi's hotel suite, he was genial and smiling.

"The hay is in the barn," he said. "The team is ready. If they play as well as they know how to and lose, it will not be the end of the world. There is nothing I can do now to change anything."

Lombardi, who is known for his error-free, percentage football, planned a daring defense which he revealed only to players and a very few close friends. "We will not allow Bob Hayes to distort our defense," he said. "I think we have the speed and the ability in Bob Jeter and Herb Adderley to cover Hayes man to man most of the time, and we will. If the first quarter proves that we can't, maybe we will make some adjustments."

Adderley, who was victimized twice by Hayes on touchdown passes in an exhibition game in Dallas before the season opened, had cut his weight from 200 to 190 in the interest of additional speed and agility.

Adderley and Jeter did an exemplary job on Hayes, who was not double-covered by the Packers as often as by most teams this year. Hayes caught one pass all day—and that was for a gain of only one yard.

"We were always conscious of Hayes," Willie Wood said. "Maybe that's one reason we gave up so much—we were always afraid of being burnt."

The Packers were too tired to think ahead to the Super Bowl. In chilly Buffalo, after the Kansas City Chiefs had defeated the Bills 31-7 to win the AFL championship, Hank Stram, their coach, let himself be carried away by the wonder of it all.

"Pour it on, boys," he burred. "There'll be lots more when we tear apart the NFL in two weeks."

Told of this rather optimistic statement, Fuzzy Thurston shrugged. "Hank Stram can think what he wants," he said. "We just play the game and win."

CONTINUED

FIREWATER FOR SOME FIRED-UP CHIEFS by EDWIN SHRAKE

There is an American Football League rule against using champagne in a locker room for the purpose of a) drinking, b) sloshing on people or c) posing for cameras with. The idea, of course, is to improve the tone of celebrations.

"We just don't think it looks very elegant to see a bunch of athletes pouring champagne," says AFL President Milt Woodward. So the Kansas City Chiefs carried half a dozen cases of special domestic mouthwash into their locker room last Sunday, popped the corks and stood around gargling joyously at each other—their right as the AFL's 1966 champions and the league's first representative in the Super Bowl game against the NFL.

"Gentlemen," said Middle Lineback-

er Sherrill Headrick, climbing atop a trunk and calling for attention, "I would like to announce that I am very, very happy at this moment." The announcement was almost lost among the exploding corks, the yelling, the wrestling and the other announcements that were being made simultaneously. It was entirely wasted on one thin, quiet, handsome fellow who was out of his uniform and into the shower before the Chiefs' owner, Lamar Hunt, could even struggle up the stairs into the locker room.

Lenny Dawson—known as Daddy Cool Breeze to the Chiefs—was knotting his tie and combing his hair while most of his teammates were still tearing the tape off their hands and ankles.

Although he had been subjected to a

pass rush that had thrown him for 63 yards in losses, Dawson, the Kansas City quarterback, looked as if he had just come in from the golf course. That is the Dawson way. "Inside," says his coach, Hank Stram, "Lenny may be dying. Outside, you'd never guess it."

Last Sunday, in the Chiefs' 31-7 defeat of the Buffalo Bills on a thoroughly cold, wet, miserable day in Buffalo's War Memorial Stadium, Dawson was superb. He completed 16 of 24 passes for 227 yards and two touchdowns, with no interceptions. He ran five times for 28 yards. He faced up to a confusing blitz. He called more audibles than usual. It was such a big day that Dawson almost admitted it.

"This," he said, "is the second most

Cradling the football in the end zone, Flanker Ollie Taylor scores on a 25-yard pass from Lenny Dawson to put Kansas City ahead of



thrilling day of my life." The second most thrilling? "Yeah," he said. "The first most thrilling is coming up on January 15."

Although they had just finished beating a very tough team, the Chiefs began at once to think about their next opponents—the Green Bay Packers. The Green Bay-Dallas game had not begun at the time the Chiefs got through with Buffalo, but the Packers were the team on the minds of the Kansas City players.

"Personally, I'd much rather play Green Bay than Dallas," said Jerry Mays, who has been All-AFL at both defensive end and tackle. "I'd be so high against Dallas [he was born there and went to college at SMU] that it might hurt me. But the reason I'd rather play Green Bay is that the Packers are established as the best in the NFL over a period of

years. We want to play the best. If we had to play Dallas and we beat the Cowboys, people would say, 'Oh, well, the Cowboys were a fluke team, anyway.'

"This is not taking anything away from the Cowboys, but they have no more experience than we have. They started the same year we did. My opinion may be biased, prejudiced and naïve, but I don't see how any team could have had a tougher defensive line than Buffalo. I don't think it's possible."

Dawson is inclined to agree. He played two years for Cleveland behind Milt Plum. Before that, he was a backup quarterback to Bobby Layne at Pittsburgh. "This club," said Dawson, "is better than either Cleveland or Pittsburgh when I was with them. As a quarterback, if you can throw the ball where you want to it doesn't make any difference what league you're in."

The Chiefs came into Buffalo as mild favorites. But the weather and the Buffalo defense had threatened to cancel Kansas City's offense—the highest-scoring offense in the league—and turn the game into one of defense and breaks. The field was frozen on the sides, despite a chemical treatment, and was muddy in the center. The temperature fell to the low 30s and a chill, nasty rain came down on the puddles of ice and slush that glistened under the stadium lights.

As if believing in the importance of breaks, the Chiefs quickly made one for themselves. The opening kickoff was a sort of pop fly that Buffalo Tackle Dudley Meredith caught and fumbled at his own 31. After Jerrel Wilson recovered for Kansas City, the Chiefs shifted from an I formation into a full-house (or T formation) backfield and scored in three plays. Dawson threw a

continued

Buffalo for good. Taylor dislodged one Bills defender, Butch Byrd, and then beat Tommy Janik (27) to the goal line in the second quarter.





29-yard pass to Tight End Fred Arbans, who ran a deep flag pattern for the touchdown.

It took the Bills five minutes to tie the score. Quarterback Jack Kemp, who has been bothered by a sore arm, passed to wide receiver Elbert Dubenion, who outran Corner Back Willie Mitchell and Safety Bobby Hunt for the last 40 yards of a 69-yard play. Dubenion, who is called Golden Wheels, has a habit of stepping up and down curbs 200 times at a stretch whenever he thinks of it, a practice that has strengthened his legs after an operation last year. He appeared to be moving faster on that play than at any time since 1964, when he had an incredible average of 27 yards per catch.

Buffalo's mysterious place-kicker—Gerald or Gerard Lusteg, once known as Booth, alumnus of either Boston College or the University of Connecticut, depending on which strikes his fancy—kicked the extra point for the tie. At that stage it still seemed bound to be a close game that might be decided by the kickers, Lusteg or Mike Mercer of Kansas City.

The Bills are somewhat disenchanted with their man, who made only 19 of 38 field goals during the season. The Bills call him Brand X, and Buffalo Coach Joe Collier calls him Whatshisname. But after Lusteg's extra point the Bills settled down to playing a vicious, blitzing defense that kept Dawson changing formations and checking off his plays at the line of scrimmage.

"I was amazed," Dawson said later. "I'd never known the Bills to blitz that much. I had to keep passing with them and I called a lot more audibles than I would ordinarily."

Mike Garrett, the Kansas City rookie halfback who won the Heisman Trophy last year at USC, grabbed a Buffalo punt in heavy traffic early in the second quarter and his long return, set up the Chiefs at the Bills' 45. After a couple of scrambles and another pass to Arbans (the Buffalo tackler gave him a separated shoulder and a seat on the bench), Dawson rolled to his right from the Buffalo 29. The blitz was on again. Middle Linebacker Harry Jacobs came up behind Dawson and hit him a shattering blow. At impact, Dawson threw to Flanker Otis Taylor, who used his 210 pounds to run over four Bills on his

way into the end zone to put Kansas City in front 14-7.

Buffalo had two big chances before the half. One came on the next Kansas City series, when Corner Back Tom Janik almost intercepted a Dawson flat pass at the Chiefs' 21. It would have been a certain touchdown and might have changed the game. The Bills got the ball again with a minute left in the half and, using passes to rookie Halfback Bobby Barnett, moved to the Kansas City 10. With 49 seconds to play, rookie Bobby Crockett ran a quick post pattern and Kansas City Corner Back Willie Mitchell fell down. Crockett was open for the touchdown. But suddenly here came Kansas City's veteran free safety, Johnny Robinson.

"We had a blitz called," said Robinson. "My man was Jack Spikes [a Buffalo running back], but he stayed in to block. I looked to the strong side, and as I looked back to the weak side I saw Crockett. I went for the ball. I was very lucky."

Robinson intercepted at the goal line and ran 72 yards to the Buffalo 28. Mercer kicked a 32-yard field goal with three seconds remaining in the half, and Kansas City had a 17-7 lead rather than a tie.

There was hardly a gesture at scoring in the third quarter, but in the fourth quarter Dawson passed 45 yards to Chris Burford to put the Chiefs in business at the Buffalo four, and Garrett scored from about a foot out. Behind 24-7, Kemp threw to Glenn Bass, who was knocked cold by a helmet-smacking maneuver that Kansas City Corner Back Fred Williamson calls The Hammer. Bass fumbled. Three plays later Garrett started to the left on a sweep from the Buffalo 19, got trapped, stopped as if to pass, turned back to the right, circled deep to escape a tackle, wove through a forest of Buffalo tacklers and wound up in the end zone with his second touchdown. "When I saw the goal line finally, I said, 'That's mine,'" Garrett said later.

That run and the extra point ended the scoring. The Chiefs were the new champs. From the bleachers at Buffalo's inadequate stadium, snowballs, rocks and chunks of ice began to fly toward the field. The Chiefs were soundly pelted but they escaped and clattered into their locker room for a few gargles.

The Kansas City offense had added a

different concept or two for the Bills. Stram believes in the play-action pass—a pass that starts by looking like a run—and in a "moving pocket" of pass protection as the quarterback slides down the line. Against the Bills, the Chiefs kept shifting from the 1 formation into several others.

"What we were doing was creating formations," said Stram. "They were in some odd spacings. So we would shift to reduce the time they had to read our offense. They read basic offenses so well we felt we needed to cause some indecision to them by shifting. On defense, we used a little different spacing and most of the time stayed in an undershifted 5-3. The 4-3 defense, the one we have used most often in the past, we used the least of all today."

When asked if the 10 to 12 formations Kansas City shifted into from the 1 had bothered the Bills, Buffalo Coach Joe Collier smiled faintly. "Those shifts didn't bother us. They've done all those things before except the full house," he said. "You don't win with formations. You win with stats."

In their own cramped quarters, amid the jostle of reporters, TV cameras and those dozens of intruders who always manage to squeeze into a locker room, the Chiefs kept busy with deserved self-congratulations. Stram said his team "reeks with character." He said the team effort was "supreme." He said Dawson's pose was "fabulous." "I am going to drop The Hammer on Green Bay," said Williamson.

The players' pay amounted to \$694,000 from the gate and TV. The Chiefs took 51 shares of \$5,308 each, and the Bills got 47½ shares of \$3,800 each. The big payday comes Jan. 15, when the winners get \$15,000 each, a fact that pro football players—though, certainly, they play for pride and the feeling of accomplishment—find impossible to overlook.

And there was one more guy around who was thinking about money. In the nose of the Kansas City locker room stood Milt Woodward, not one bit fooled by the Chiefs' mouthwash. Listerine corks do not ricochet off the ceiling, Laveris does not foam, Micrin is not ingested by the gulp. "This," said Woodward, "will cost Kansas City a fine of \$2,000." That's not even back pocket money for champions these days. **END**

Kansas City rookie Halfback Mike Garrett eludes a relentless personnel struggle with the Buffalo defensive line as he scores his first touchdown.

WIMPY WAS A SLEEPING BEAUTY

Luther (Wimpy) Lassiter, champion of all pool, began by allowing as how he was feeling poorly and finished more or less fast asleep, but Cicero Murphy, the challenger, turned out to be the man caught napping by BOB OTTUM

It was that hallowed time of Peace On Earth, Good Will Toward Men, and shining tinsel decorations were strung all over the Golden Q Billiard Parlor. Luther (Wimpy) Lassiter, the world pocket billiards champion, and James (Cicero) Murphy, who was contesting Wimpy's eminence, wished each other a happy holiday and other tidings of good cheer. Then Lassiter screwed together his pool cue with the \$2.50 gold coin imbedded in the shaft, Murphy unbuttoned his tuxedo coat, and in this Yuletide setting the two men got down to the business of beating each other's brains out.

They shot pool for five days—all through the week between Christmas and New Year's—with the world championship plus \$1,500 belonging to the winner and \$1,000 plus condolences to the loser. No matter what was playing at the Radio City Music Hall across

the East River in Manhattan, no matter what was happening anywhere, this was the green felt supergame, this was the holiday show for hustlers.

It is necessary to understand that Wimpy Lassiter and Cicero Murphy are magical names in an insulated world within a world. The Golden Q is in Queens, a jewel among the auto-repair shops and junkyards and not the easiest place in the world to find. Still, when the game began, every shooter in the East—informed by the mysterious network that drums out news of where the action is—had arrived. They sat in the bleachers and stared, enchanted, at the sight of one man reducing another to the quivers.

For this select audience the destruction was a joy to behold. The game is fourteen-one—otherwise known as straight pool—but by any name it is

sweet torture. Let any two ordinary sharks play it, mincing around a table and pretending to be elaborately casual, and the pressures are tough enough. But put the two best shooters in the world in a game and it suddenly is more than a contest involving the knocking of colored balls into pockets. It becomes a ballet of dainty, deadly, impossible shots. Each man tightens the other down, turn by turn, until those telling beads of sweat appear on foreheads, veins stand out along necks in bold relief and there is not enough dusting powder in the whole world to keep the palms dry.

Championship pool is a perilous, careful game of cool eye and calm wrist. But shots are only one part of it. The other part began almost as soon as Cicero Murphy hit his first ball on Monday afternoon.

"I do declare, Mr. Murphy," Luther Lassiter, who is silver-haired and old-plantation, would sincerely say, "you sure are gettin' in some right fine strokes."

And Murphy, who is born fresh, lives a lifetime and dies of old age with each game, would smile uncertainly, acknowledging the compliment. Then he would hit a wobbler, bending over the table, the large vein pulsing across his forehead. Then he would miss.

It was all very regulation. That is, Wimpy and Cicero were introduced as *Master Lassiter* and *Master Murphy*. The event was an official world challenge match—which meant they had to wear tuxedos. This is done to show the world that pocket billiards is a game played by gentlemen under Tiffany lamps in elegant, pine-paneled rooms.

Still, there was enough of the oldtime aroma to prove that pool—glory be—will never really change. On the large, hand-painted scoreboard the word challenge was spelled "challenge," and the air was mauve with cigar smoke, which was pierced by the occasional glint of



Smooth-stroking Cicero was always wide awake to the possibility of winning the world title . . .

diamond ring on little finger or solid-gold inlay on front tooth. The tournament table was bracketed on two sides by bleachers set in so close that the crowd had to draw back or duck for some of the shots. It seemed that the two champs were playing for their lives in a pit.

For a game shot through with overtones of terror, the mechanics were deceptively simple. The match was 1,500 points—one point per ball pocketed. But to get that far the shooters had to struggle through 10 games and a progressive point system, giving each man the chance to reduce the other to Jell-O, which is what pool is all about.

Lassiter showed up from Elizabeth City, N.C. with the miseries, a symptom known to every pool shark in the country. As one of them wisecracked, "the badder that man feels, look out, because the better he shoots." Another oldtimer, who once hustled in parlors around New York as the Masked Marvel, said, "He stands there, and you think you're murdering him, and he is so cool that if you touch him you get cold. When he starts sinking 'em he is a terrible man."

It began fast.

Monday afternoon. "Oh, man," said Wimpy, "I feel downright bad. Got this terrible gas on my stomach. I swear, I don't know what's wrong with me."

He had only 72 balls when Cicero shot out on him at 150. He was 78 points down.

Monday evening. "Oh, man," Wimpy complained, "some days you can't get started."

He had pocketed only 47 balls when Murphy shot out. Wimpy was now 181 points down.

Tuesday afternoon. "He's whopped so many balls I'm blind," said Wimpy. "I swear, I've got to give up this game."

And Cicero, perhaps listening to all this, ran 81 balls on him. But finally he missed. Lassiter shuffled up to the table, wobbly and splay-legged as though coming off his deathbed. He ran 71 balls and began to narrow the lead.

That night he observed, "I got to keep ol' Father Time from catchin' up with me," then smoothly ran 88 balls in one brace and won the game. Suddenly Cicero was 38 behind.

They played through Wednesday, and by the start of Thursday afternoon's session the total score was Murphy 900, Lassiter 889.

The crowd assembled and Murphy began warming up, punching at the balls with short, nervous strokes. But at 10 minutes to game time Wimpy hadn't appeared. Scorer Ken Smith, who worries about such things, called the morose across the street, and soon Lassiter ambled over, wearing his tuxedo and a green woolen stocking cap. He shuffled into the room, sat down and began assembling his cue while Cicero fidgeted. "I wuz watching a pretty good ol' jungle movie on television," Wimpy explained, "an' I hated to leave it." Would he care to warm up? "Naw," he said. "Let 'em go." He ran 43 balls on Murphy for a starter, and ended with 161 to Murphy's 131, which meant he had taken the lead by 19 balls.

On Thursday night, Cicero, a local favorite from Brooklyn, was walking briskly around the table, plopping in warmup shots with staccato strokes under the adoring eyes of more than 300 fans, while Lassiter sat in the coffee shop outside, drinking a cup of tea. Play began, and the score had reached 113-26 for Lassiter, when Cicero got hot. An appreciative growl ran through the gallery. He began to run balls from all around the table, moving ever faster, bending, ducking, dipping, squatting to line them up and then stroking them into the pockets with cool certainty.

The run got up to 93 and the crowd began to applaud with almost every shot. Outside the draperies, one peeper would look through a slit in the curtain and relay the running score back to the crowd standing around. "He's got one hundred and seven," the man would hiss. "You hear that?" And a soft ripple of applause would follow. Murphy got it up to 120, and the tension in the room began to wilt collars and all through the smoky haze the lighted ends of cigars were winking on and off like fireflies. Then Murphy permitted one break in his concentration. He was hot; he knew it, the crowd knew it. But he made the mistake of glancing over at Lassiter to see how he was reacting.

Wimpy was not reacting. He was slumped in his chair, head down, mouth slightly ajar—asleep. Two balls later, Cicero missed.

Lassiter, suddenly awake and sharp-eyed, came out with spring in his step and looked fondly down at the balls as though they were his children. "My, my," he said, "ain't this sumpin' now."

And while Murphy hunched in the chair, glowering, Wimpy shot out. The score: 1,200 to 1,179, favor of Wimpy.

By Friday night, Lassiter was ahead 1,350 to 1,334, and Cicero was clearly jumpy. "Don't light any matches when the shooter is facing you," the announcer instructed the crowd. "Don't make any fast movements." Cicero ran 28 and missed.

Wimpy stepped up, chalking his cue and looking at the gallery. "That's all right," he said. "You can keep it noisy with me."

What followed was terrible to see. Stroke by stroke, Cicero was cut down. At two balls to go, Wimpy looked at the table and smiled, then looked across at Murphy. "Well," said Wimpy, "it's gettin' damp. So I'd better hurry."

There was no need, really. Cicero's shots were off. The crowd knew he had lost long before Cicero himself knew it. The final total: 1,500 to 1,435.

"I swear," sighed Wimpy, putting away the \$1,500 check, "pool is the toughest game in the whole world. Only one thing tougher than pool, and that's rodeo riding."

"There are three secrets to shooting pool. No. 1 is good health. No. 2 is practice. And I ain't gonna tell you what No. 3 is."

Never mind, Wimpy. We know. **END**



... but Wimpy exploded this victorious pose.

BEST AND WORST OF THE BOWLS

Be truthful now, Notre Dame and Michigan State. Would you *really* want to play Alabama? Would you honestly care to spend an afternoon trying to swat those gnats who call themselves linemen and swirl around your ankles all day long? Why, heavens to Bear Bryant. Nobody ought to want to play Alabama

unless it just plain enjoys going to football clinics. Which is what last week's Sugar Bowl was—a clinic, with The Bear instructing the nation on what a top team is supposed to look like.

The New Orleans game bore the only resemblance to a contest of importance as the collegiate season finally ended

last Saturday and Monday with five bowl attractions. Alabama went into its game wanting to prove that it was as good, or better, than either Notre Dame or Michigan State by defeating a big, talented Nebraska team convincingly. It did exactly that, 34-7, with Bryant second- and third-stringing it throughout



20



BEST TEAM Alabama, easy victor over Nebraska

MOST DISAPPOINTING TEAM Georgia Tech

BEST OFFENSE Alabama, particularly in first quarter

MOST EFFECTIVE DEFENSE Georgia, which smothered SMU's razzle-dazzle

BEST COMEBACK Syracuse, although it fell short

MOST EXCITING DRIVE Syracuse, 74 yards to TD despite 30 yards in penalties

HIGHEST SURPRISE Florida's easy 27-12 win over Georgia Tech

MOST UNUSUAL PLAY Tennessee's fake field goal for TD

BEST STRATEGY Alabama's mixing inside traps with wide variety of passes

WORST STRATEGY SMU's sparing use of Jerry Lewis

CLOSEST CALL USC's touchback after Beane's goal-line catch

MOST DRAMATIC MOMENT USC's last gasp in 14-13 loss to Purdue

DULLEST GAME Georgia-SMU in the Cotton Bowl

MOST CRUCIAL PLAY USC's missed try for two points

BEST RUN Larry Smith's 94-yard TD burst for Florida

BEST CATCH Austin Denny's leaping grab for Tennessee TD

LAST LAUGH Bear Bryant on the country



the damp afternoon. Had he not substituted mercifully, the score might have gone much higher and the chat of superlatives below would have been even more heavily weighted in his favor.

There was little doubt that Alabama would remain the only unbeaten, untied major team in the land (11-0) after the first play of the game. Quarterback Kenny Stabler, a cool, bazooka-armed junior, faked, raised up, waited, then passed 45 yards to End Ray Perkins, and the rout was under way. No fewer

than 12 different Alabama backs darted through and around Nebraska's huge but outpaced line any time yardage was needed on the ground. Overall, Alabama's mistakes could have been charted on a postage stamp.

It was a happy holiday for the whole Southeastern sector. Tennessee got it started early on Saturday in the Gator Bowl by bombarding landlocked Syracuse on Dewey Warren's passes and some vaudeville-type catches in the first half, then holding on for an 18-12 vic-

tory. Syracuse's Floyd Little rushed for 216 yards, but the game was out of sight before he really got started.

Then came Georgia. The Bulldogs handled SMU as easily as expected in the Cotton Bowl 24-9, largely on the hammering of Ronnie Jenkins and the speed of Kent Lawrence. It didn't matter between Florida and Georgia Tech and only in the Rose Bowl did a Southeastern team fail to win. None, of course, was represented.

—DAN JENKINS

BEST PLAYER Ken Stabler, Alabama quarterback

BEST PASSER Stabler

BEST RUNNER Floyd Little, Syracuse halfback

BEST RECEIVER Ray Perkins, Alabama end

BEST DEFENDER Bobby Johns, Alabama halfback

BEST BLOCKER Cecil Dowdy, Alabama tackle

BEST KICKER Steve Davis, Alabama

THE ALL-BOWL TEAM

OFFENSE

- E** Ray Perkins
Alabama
- Q** Jimmy Carroll
Alabama
- E** Austin Denny
Tennessee
- Q** Ken Stabler
Alabama
- T** Cecil Dowdy
Alabama
- H** Floyd Little
Syracuse
- T** Ron Yary
USC
- H** Larry Smith
Florida
- G** Gary Bugenhagen
Syracuse
- F** Ronnie Jenkins
Georgia
- G** John Kasay
Georgia

DEFENSE

- E** Herb Stecker
Syracuse
- LB** Bob Childs
Alabama
- E** Charles Harris
Alabama
- DB** John Charles
Purdue
- T** Louis Thompson
Alabama
- DB** Bobby Johns
Alabama
- T** George Patton
Georgia
- DB** George Catavolos
Purdue
- G** Chuck Kyle
Purdue
- DB** Larry Renta
Florida
- LB** Paul Nasmoff
Tennessee

A WIN OVER NORTHERN COOKIN'

Louisville Coach Peck Hickman blamed his team's early sluggishness on the Philadelphia food, but he found some beans and corn bread before the Princeton game and won the best holiday tournament

by JOE JARES



Princeton's Chris Thonforde is outmaneuvered in pursuit of a rebound and loses it to Jerry King as Wesley Unseld (31) and Butch Beard close in from behind during Quaker City final

One would imagine that during the week between decking the halls with boughs of holly and welcoming in the New Year with booze and bowl games, Americans would just relax and watch their Christmas trees turn brown. Maybe glue Barbie's head back on or arrange a Lionel train wreck. But the hoofprints of Comet, Cupid and the others were still fresh on snowy rooftops last week when holiday basketball tournament time arrived in dozens of cities. There were the Blue Water Classic and the Northern New Jersey Kiwanis Tournament, the Sugar Bowl Tournament and the Hurricane Classic, the All-College Tournament and the Gator Bowl Tournament, the Holiday Festival in Madison Square Garden and—with the best field of all—the Quaker City Tournament in Philadelphia's Palestra. One of the reasons it was the best was the presence of the University of Louisville (U. of L. to its followers), rated second to UCLA and undefeated in its first eight games, all at home. Louisville's Cardinals won the tourney as expected, ran their record to 11-0 and demonstrated they had the talented personnel to maybe, perhaps, generally speaking and possibly, give UCLA a battle for the national championship.

Most of the talent resides in room 312 of Miller Hall on the Louisville campus, the home address of two boys named Wesley Unseld and Alfred (Butch) Beard Jr. Unseld is a 6-foot-8, 250-pound junior, and if you want to know how many scholarships he was offered, just count how many schools (a) play basketball, (b) allow Negroes to play or (c) would drop racial barriers if he enrolled. Wes led Seneca High of Louisville to the state championship (beating the team on which Beard was a junior) and decided to go to college in his home town, where his family could see him

play. His older brother, George, had gone off to Kansas to perform and had not been too happy, so Wes did not become a Jayhawk, even though Kansas hired his high school coach as an assistant. Younger brother Isaac, a 6-foot-3, 200-pound high school sophomore, was pushing for Purdue. One day Isaac was thumbing through their mother's polite thanks-but-no-thanks letters to all the losing recruiters and burst into tears when he found one to Purdue. The Purdue coach must have cried, too.

Unsold had a fine sophomore season last year, finishing second in the nation in rebounding despite a knee injury that helped him get overweight. Only once was he beaten on combined scoring-rebound totals, and that was when he got in foul trouble early. "I don't know of any absolute weakness Unsold has," says his coach, Peck Hickman.

Butch Beard is a slender sophomore from Hardinsburg, Ky., where he learned to shoot at an old bucket rim. His high school team won the state title once Unsold went to college, and he was even sought after by Kentucky, where no Negroes have played basketball as yet. His mother was a housekeeper-cook for a Louisville booster, which inclined him toward the school. Besides, Beard wanted to play with Unsold and not against him anymore. He went into the Quaker City with a 22.5 points-a-game average (tops on the team) and 9.5 rebounds a game, second only to Unsold's 22.8. Beard gave the impression it was no trouble at all to play in the Palestra, because there were no wind currents, and "shooting buckets" was just an expression.

There was a nice supporting cast, too. Jerry King, a 6-foot-5 sophomore from Louisville, has such a dandey jump shot that 70 colleges were after him. Senior Guard Dave Gilbert from Dayton, Ohio averaged 10.5 points a game last year, and 6-foot-3 junior Guard Fred Holden from Youngstown, Ohio averaged 13.8. They are a cocky bunch of boys, who seemed likely to challenge the Philadelphia 76ers to a pickup game as long as they were in the same city. As they assembled in the lobby of the Sheraton Hotel for the ride to the Palestra and the first round, one of them said to Peck's wife, "Mrs. Hickman, you go to the ball game and take it easy. No sweat."

continued



Louisville cheerleaders compete with Philly fans who backed Princeton as the "home team."

Tiger Coach Bill ven Ernie Kaff exhorts his "small-time outfit" in its good try for an upset



Well, Mrs. Hickman may not have perspired, but the Cardinals did, and they should have realized they were going to be looking at the lineup of teams. The Eastern College Athletic Conference even felt it could afford to move Providence out of the Quaker City and into the Holiday Festival in New York (where the Friars won). Niagara had been beaten only once and had a 6-foot-8 center of its own. Michigan State was once-beaten and a favorite in the Big Ten. Villanova was a rebuilding, sophomore team, but Coach Jack Kraft had installed his horror of a zone, which leads the opposing coach to keep counting throughout the game to make sure only five men are playing it. Besides, no Quaker City Tournament had ever been won by a non-Philadelphia team. LaSalle had just been beaten by Louisville at Louisville, but was supposed to be

the best of Philadelphia's Big Five. Syracuse, even though Dave Bing was gone to the pros, had been beaten only by tough Boston College. Bowling Green had lost twice, but had the returning Mid-American Conference scoring champ in 6-foot-8 Walt Piskowski. And there were the Tigers of Princeton, whose coach, Willem Hendrik (Butch) van Breda Kolff is fond of saying, "We're just a small outfit trying to get by."

Princeton, like Louisville, came into the tournament undefeated. It had three seniors left over from the hallowed Bill Bradley era, but one of them, 6-foot-9 Robby Brown, hardly gets in the games anymore, although he started as a sophomore. He has been beaten out by 6-foot-9 sophomore Christopher Thorndike, a skinny, blond would-be Lutheran minister, who plays between 6-foot-7 Forwards Ed Hammer and John Hazzlow. All three are elbows-and-knees string beans, who should be named Ichabod, but they shoot long, lovely jump shots that, in the parlance of those who attend holiday tourneys, hit only the bottom of the net. Van Breda Kolff seemed adequately equipped to "get by" all right. He did admit, taking out his cigar and smiling, "It may be the best since Bradley"—the team, not the cigar.

And, too, Louisville's sparkling 3-0 record was a bit of a phony, most of it coming at the expense of schools that may be known in Dogpatch, Ky. but nowhere else. First, there was the annual opener against Georgetown (the Baptist school in Kentucky, not the Catholic university in Washington). "They've never had a big boy," admitted Peck. Easy win. Then Southwestern Louisiana. Same story. But Southern Illinois was "real tough, lemme tell you, they're not going to lose many." Louisville won by four points. How about Tampa? "Fairly good personnel," said Peck. Louisville won by 52 points. And Bellarmine fell, too. "Our kids were pretty up for it," said Peck. Finally came some competition with the sixth game, but it still was at Louisville's Freedom Hall. The Cardinals showed their stuff by blasting Dayton 96-81 and then got by conference foe St. Louis.

His boys may not have been nervous before the Quaker City opener with Niagara, but Hickman was. He sat with friends before the game, but did not touch his steak dinner. He was quiet and

unsmiling. He would have felt better had he seen an accident back at the Sheraton lobby. Niagara's two leading scorers, Manny Leaks and Bill Smith, wandered out of the elevators 15 or 20 minutes after their teammates had left for the Palestra. They looked startled when they saw no familiar faces, and took a cab. They got out on the floor late and probably did not get properly warmed up.

It showed in the game. Leaks, up against Unseld in the pivot, did not make a basket for 31 minutes. After the game Leaks called Unseld the greatest rebounder he had ever faced and said he was "too high" for the game. Too late is what he meant. Niagara opened with a zone, but the Cardinals, led by the gliding, graceful Beard (tied for 11 in the first half), shot the defense to pieces and were ahead by 17 points at half time. During the intermission, Syracuse Coach Fred Lewis compared Beard to Dave Bing for having "that quick step." He also raved about Beard's "perfect body control." Princeton's van Breda Kolff said, "It's a pleasure to watch him run down the floor at three-quarter speed, which is full speed for anybody else." Louisville won in a laughter, 98-73. Unseld tied a tournament record with 26 rebounds, Beard scored 27 points, and every starter hit in double figures. Hickman was much calmer in the locker room. "My '56 ball club was better than this one," he said. "This'll be the best ball club next season." And, he added, "Unseld's a pretty good boy . . . he wants to be a good basketball player." Niagara Coach Jim Maloney said, "I thought we met two All-Americans in Unseld and Beard."

Syracuse, which had upset LaSalle by four points in the first round, was the next Louisville opponent on Thursday night. The Orangemen had lost their first-string center with a wrenched knee, but they put on a zone defense and full-court press that made Peck's good boys look like anything but the No. 2 team in the nation. Unseld and Beard got sick in the locker room before the game, and Wes was sluggish throughout, seldom moving speedily inside the zone to get a pass. Still, he had 18 rebounds and 13 points. The crowd was for Syracuse, and only 50% shooting by Louisville (Gilbert was five for nine, Beard nine for 20. Holden six for 11) kept it in

continued

As part of impressive all-round show, Unseld books in two of 52 tournament points.



Fairlaner!

Last year she drove a compact car. Slipped through traffic, parked easily, cost so little. This year she keeps all that and graduates to Fairlane. Big on roominess, low on price.



Fairlaner!

Last year he drove a little sporty car. Sweet lines, nimble handling, lively response. This year he keeps all that and graduates to Fairlane. Options like 390 cu. in. V-8, front power disc brakes.



YOU'RE BUYING IN A FORD

Fairlane



Fairlane 500/2L 2 Door Hardtop



MAINE IS 207 COUNTRY

The area code for the whole state of Maine is 207. If you use the area code when you call Long Distance, your call goes through faster and easier. And when you use the area code, you can dial most calls yourself. For area codes and dialing instructions, please consult your telephone directory.

AT&T  **Bell System**
American Telephone & Telegraph
and Associated Companies

the game. "Unsell was the boy who didn't move around," said Hickman after the narrow 75-71 win. "He just stood there."

On the last day of the Quaker City, it turned out that it was more than just butterflies that had made Unsell and Beard throw up before the Syracuse game. Hickman had kuddingly blamed it on "northern cookin' not agreein' with country boys used to hamburgers and chili," but the illness spread like hot gossip through the Sheraton Hotel and was diagnosed as an intestinal virus. Forward Jerry King got a little sick, but was able to play Friday night. Princeton, Louisville's opponent in the title game, was not so fortunate.

Ed Hummer, who had inexplicably played a bad game against Villanova in the second round, vomited "about 25 times" Thursday night and had to be driven, with two sick Tiger substitutes, to the Princeton infirmary. The cause of his bad game and Unsell's sluggishness was now apparent, but that did not help van Breda Kolff find a replacement for Hummer, his best defensive front-liner and a good shooter.

Princeton had opened in the festival with Bowling Green and got a top performance from Ichabod Thornforde, who started off looking all thumbs but settled down to outplay Walt Piatkowski, and a fine passing game from Guard Gary Walters, another senior who played with Bill Bendley. Thornforde scored 28 points and fed off well, too. "Thornforde isn't a bad passer for a big guy," said his coach. "He isn't a bad passer for a medium-sized guy." Princeton won by 14 points.

Villanova was not so easy. Princeton had beaten the Wildcats by 11 points in Villanova's gym earlier in the season and van Breda Kolff remembered a smashed-up cola can sailing by his ear and more noise than in the landing at Iwo Jima. The Palestra figured to be more peaceful. But Johnny Jones, a lad from Pompano Beach, Fla. who reached Jack Kraft's attention by appearing in Sports Illustrated's "Faces in the Crowd" (he scored 89 points in a high school game), burst the Tigers with 19 points and nine rebounds. Hummer had stopped him at Villanova but could not cope with him this time, partly because of the flu. Princeton eked out the win 55-52, and van Breda Kolff repeated, "We're just a

small-time outfit trying to get along."

The Palestra finally had a capacity crowd for the last night and at least 85% of the people were for Princeton—perhaps because no local team was left. And what the hell! New Jersey is the next state over. Louisville got a resounding boo when it ran out on the floor; Princeton got cheers, which must have startled van Breda Kolff. Princeton had only nine men suited up. Louisville had 12, really 12½ with Unsell.

Big Wes again appeared sluggish, but he was active enough to give Chris Thornforde some lessons, just as he had infuriated Nagara's Manny Leaks. Thornforde did not score a basket in the first half and did not get one in the second until it was nearly 11 minutes old. Princeton, which seldom, if ever, uses a zone defense, went with a man-to-man, with one guard sagging on Unsell whenever possible. Tiger Guard Gary Walters was superb (18 points), and Fred Holden was held tightly by Princeton's Joe Heiser, but Louisville had too much speed and diversified scoring. Beard had 22 points, Unsell had 19 and 20 rebounds and unsung Guard Dave Gilbert hit seven for 12 from the floor. The team made 12 of 14 free-throw attempts. Final score: Louisville 72, Princeton 63.

"Now we're fixin' to go into the Mts-south Valley," said Peck Hickman. Van Breda Kolff's "little outfit" looked forward to getting along against undefeated North Carolina and would probably do all right. And Hickman had an explanation for his team's improved performance. "We found some beans and corn bread around the corner today—some of that good Kentucky cookin'."

Although Vaughn Harper of Syracuse was voted the Most Valuable Player, Westley Unsell, in three games, had 52 points, 64 rebounds, a better than 46% shooting average from the floor and better than 50% from the foul line. He was hungry for rebounds but not points, acting almost as if he did not much care to shoot so long as he could get his clamps on any ball off the boards.

It was an impressive performance, especially since Wes was playing in the Palestra and not in Louisville's spacious and familiar Freedom Hall, where he has more than the usual home-court comforts. There the crowd adores him, and when he trots on the floor he can always look to a group of seats on his left and

see his mother, to whom he gives a little nod or wave before every game. "Big Charles" Unsell, his father, is always there, too. Charles is an oiler of farm machinery at International Harvester. He works nights at a plant near the arena, but he has time to see the games before punching in. He is so nervous he cannot sit still, so he paces back and forth, pausing now and then to accept a cigar from some grateful U. of L. fan or to watch Wes leap for a rebound.

At one recent Louisville game in Freedom Hall, a teen-age girl turned to her mother and said, "Look at that Mr. Unsell, walking around like he owns the place." Mama just smiled and said: "Honey, he does." **END**



Rebounder Vaughn Harper was MVP award after Syracuse nearly beat favored Louisville.



BIG ACTION IN A PHONE BOOTH

Illegal bookmakers in this country carry on a booming business—about \$7 billion worth a year—operating undercover from the Pentagon to the corner drugstore in your own home town by **BILL SURFACE**

On July 14, 1966 at 2:50 in the afternoon, a time when bookmakers' clerks stop taking bets based on the afternoon line, a blue steel door opened cautiously from Apartment 5C, a \$126.50-a-month efficiency at Manhattan's 336 East 81st Street. Instantly Detective Doug Ferrary jammed his foot into the opening and the compact room built for one was overrun by eight members of the New York Police Commissioner's Confidential Investigating Unit. One detective told the room's two occupants, both fortyish, to sit down. Others picked up things like *The National Armstrong Daily* scratch sheets. In doing so, the police made the obvious mistake of turning their backs on the two men.

But they always do something like that. After waiting for the sound of something hitting the uncarpeted floor, Ferrary pivoted and took, as abandoned property, a small white pad one of the men had tossed behind a striped couch. "Chief, we'll go over five and a felony," Ferrary said, passing the pad to Howard Gardner, the squad's scholarly-looking deputy chief. Gardner readily saw that the 45 slips on the pad would total more than \$5,000 in bets—enough to charge the men with a felony. The first page read "Lee #1, Koufax 3 act," meaning that pay-and-collect No. 1 had taken Lee's bet for \$3,000 that Sandy Koufax would beat the Mets. A second sheet was marked "Lefty for #40, Gi. 2 act. 5/6 if Perry, E/no Perry, IF 5/7 Twin 1.5 act," indicating that No. 40 took Lefty's bet for \$2,000 on the Giants (to beat the Phillies) at 5-to-6 odds if Gaylord Perry pitched, even odds if he did not pitch, and if Lefty won, \$1,500 would ride on the Twins at 5-to-7 odds to win, too. The third slip read "Doc for #1 bg 4 d/Syncom & Calama Su Ke w/DeFoliate," code for a doctor's two \$400 bets on Aqueduct's daily double.

Statistics indicate that scenes like this occur on the average of 27 times a day in New York and 288 times in the U.S., because apartments and phone booths, not Las Vegas' legal sports books, are where most bets are processed. Information about such bets emerges from today's intensive drive on bookmakers by honest police in the 49 states where organized betting (outside racetracks) is illegal, by the FBI when interstate gambling is involved and by the Internal Revenue Service when bookies fail to buy a gambling tax stamp and pay a 10% tax on all bets: seized betting slips show that more money is bet with bookies on baseball, basketball, football and horse racing than is bet at the nation's legal racetracks and spent to attend all major league sports. The annual total, estimates the Justice Department, is at least \$7 billion.

Specifically, Internal Revenue's agents often find in a quiet, semi-furnished room two beer drinkers—taking bets only by phone—with gross receipts larger than, say, those of the Baltimore Orioles. "Locating bookmakers who handle \$1 million a month is not uncommon at all," says A. Robert Manzi, IRS's assistant director of intelligence. "Our agents even caught a bookie who worked across from the IRS office in Baltimore and ate lunch in the IRS employees' cafeteria. He had records showing he'd taken \$365,949 in baseball and football bets in a month."

This phenomenon flourishes because bettors seek out bookies for quite uncomplicated reasons. Horseplayers, who place a large percentage of all illegal bets, find a bookie's telephone more accessible than the track. Many bettors are stubbornly loyal to perennial winners even after they become perennial losers. "Wives call police every day trying to turn in a bookie because their husbands lose the grocery money betting the Yankees," says Howard Gard-

continued

ner. "Seems the husband claims he's been winning as a Democrat and Yankee fan for 30 years and is not about to change now. Our information shows that Yankee fans bet much more than Met fans and, with the Yankees losing regularly, bookies are enjoying it."

Bettors also come in two styles, inveterate and intermittent, and two sizes, giant and economy. The inveterate giant size begins with men like "Orange for No. 10," a code given a rasp-voiced factory owner in lower Manhattan by a bookie whose phones are wiretapped by police. Orange bets around \$4,000 a week, dividing it among all major league baseball games—which moved Police Sergeant Harvey Ganson to predict: "One dull Monday when no one is playing in the majors he'll go for the Texas League games." Last week Orange lost \$430. The previous week he won \$175. But, by agreement, he pays or collects only when his account exceeds \$500.

An isolated case? Indeed not. Confiscated records verify that one New Yorker lost \$103,000 on a Chicago Bears-Green Bay Packers game in 1964. Twelve men bet at least \$100,000 once a year on a football game, and one bets \$500,000 each year on football. "There is constant activity in the \$100,000 sports bet," says IRS's Robert Mantz. "Besides that, we know of about 3,000 men who have a bookmaker's credit rating of some \$2,000 each week, and nearly 400 men who have a credit line of \$10,000 or more."

Just who the economy-size bettors are, the ones risking something more like \$40 a week, is disclosed by the following locations of gambling rads: the Pentagon and Navy Annex buildings in Washington; a beatnik pad in Greenwich Village where a small baby slept under a fox coat; a shop near New York's Mt. Sinai Hospital where so many customers were white that an IRS agent easily infiltrated it by wearing a doctor's jacket; a Fu Manchu-type hideout in New York's Chinatown in which three clerks wearing green eyeshades and using newspaper names as a code for racetracks worked in a basement concealed by two phony walls, three hidden doors, four trapdoors and removable broken steps.

Since bettors usually stick to a bookie the way men patronize one barber, bookies seldom leave their area regardless of pressure. That much seemed apparent recently as Deputy Inspector John Guido, a stocky member of the New York police's Confidential Unit, took a sledge hammer from a black automobile. "Couple of weeks ago we knocked this bookie's door off the hinges right over there," he said, pointing toward York Avenue. "Today he's probably back in business a few blocks away. That's because his trade's here, not across the river."

Passionate bettors, moreover, guarantee bookies guerrilla-like loyalty. "They attract so much sympathy that we don't have much chance to nail them by going into a building and asking about a bookie," adds Guido. "We have to sneak through the coal bin on the assumption that nearly everybody's a bookie's lookout." Lookouts often turn militia during emergencies, fighting bitterly, as they did a year ago, for example, when 85 IRS agents moved through Boston's North End beating down doors of bars, bakeries and variety stores and arresting 25 alleged bookies. First came insults from hecklers in windows, the nicest being, "Did Leif Ericson send you bums?" Then agents fell

under such a barrage of tomatoes, eggs and bowls of leftover food that they had to radio the police for help.

This mania to bet supports an industry of about 440,000 bookies, clerks, collectors and runners—a projection based on the fact that nearly 110,000 arrests for gambling violations occur each year in the U.S. and such violators average about one arrest every four years. Even with such hazards, the business is not being diminished by bookies' requirements. "You can be sure that if a KG [known gambler] can walk, he's still booking," theorized Howard Gardner, motioning toward his unit's files on New York's 3,050 KGs.

What today's bookmaker must do, new federal anti-gambling laws assure, is change his style. No longer can bookies openly call out-of-state handicappers for a fresh, reliable line. Such suppliers have either retired, like Leo Harschfield of Minneapolis, who owned Athlete Publications, Inc., or have gone to prison, like Angelo (Monge) Rossetti, operator of a Boston racing news service. Some suppliers use a blue box, an illegal radio signal device that bypasses a telephone company's mechanism to register long distance calls. "Distribution of the line has gone underground," says Edward Joyce, a Justice Department attorney. But not too deeply underground, since newspapers such as the *New York Post* publish an afternoon and night line often matching the one used by bookies.

Bookies, too, must be more discreet in making the "contra" (contrary) bets with out-of-town bookies in order to balance their wagers on both teams and be assured of a profit, since bettors pay up to a 20% service charge. Even when bookies are saturated with partnership bets and can't lay off within their city—a situation faced by Baltimore bookies this year when the Orioles played in the World Series—they seldom lay off in Las Vegas' legal sports books for the same reasons that big bettors don't patronize them in the first place: the Justice Department has recently convicted five bettors of illegally calling bets across state lines and five employees in Las Vegas' sports books for accepting them. Most important, even if a courier already were in Las Vegas, the 10% wagering excise tax would, in a short time, consume much of his capital.

Finally, a bookie must be mobile. By far the favorite new stratagem is the ring-back operation, in which bettors, told to leave a message with a bookmaker's telephone-answering service, are then called by the bookie. Just how a major bookie functions under these circumstances is vividly illustrated by the recent case history of one Pasquale V. Borgese. A short, balding, bespectacled accountant in New Rochelle, N.Y., Borgese gave no impression as he left home each morning with his brown zipper briefcase that he also was called "Paul Martin" and "Pat Green," the bookies who took bets only above \$500. (Though his mention in a Fordham University annual in 1931 was prophetic: "He would wager with you at anytime on anything....")

Instead of going to an office, Borgese worked from phone booths in such places as Romeo's Luncheonette and Greenberg's Drugstore in the Bronx. Unknown to him, however, four Internal Revenue agents were dashing in front of Borgese for 11 months, often bumping him in doorways, then attaching a magnetic Kel transmitter under the bellbox of a telephone that they anticipated he would use, such anticipation being aided by Borgese's preference

for a left-handed booth and his refusal to use a center booth, even if he had to wait. Outside, agents operating a Fargo receiver recorded enough conversations to establish Borgese's pattern. After returning calls left with his service, Borgese began phoning for different point spreads. For instance, on a day during the football season he was heard to say: "Youngstown, Ohio, PLain 5-4668. Right. You [operator] didn't have to return the dime. Hello, 99? What's doing? Three nines, right? 3½. Yale. . . . Yeah, we still got it at 21, yeah, yeah. You play it 20½."

During basketball season he told an operator: "Washington, D.C., Federal 3-3234. Try Federal 3-5987. Yeah, kid. What's doing? Yeah, right, 3½. Yeah, Uh, any reason why Virginia's in the circle [all bets refused]?"

Depositing another dime, Borgese asked for: "Miami Beach, Union 5-7425. I said in Miami Beach! Area code 305. That's right, honey, how much? They left the rates after the party gets on the phone. Hello, yeah. What's doing, my boy? Cornell is down to 8 right? Yup, yup, yeah. . . . Cornell is 8½ over, uh, is 8 over Brown, huh. Tell you what you could do. Gamme Cornell minus the 8. Yeah, for a dime [\$1,000]. What else can I rob you out of?"

Next he called: "Plymouth 9-0024, New Jersey. Yeah, Joe! O.K., Air Force 7½, Arizona State 15, Syracuse 2, Cornell 8½, Oregon 12. . . . What happened? Well, they went from 12 to 13. Then about 6, 6:15, 6:30 there was a move back to the short."

Usually by 2:30 p.m. Borgese had returned home. About 6 p.m. he would leave for more phone booths, periodic sessions in an empty apartment with three conferees and meetings at the Copacabana in New York every Monday night with "Big John," a tall, bald man, and bettors who owed or were due money. Often he was introduced to new customers. One was Cecil Rhodes Jr., vice-president of a steel-fabricating company and, according to his later testimony, a co-promoter of a Floyd Patterson-Brian London fight. As Rhodes recalls, "I told him I knew some people that he had taken bets from. I wondered if I could make some bets with him from time to time." Writing "Pat Green" and a telephone number on a pad, Borgese is supposed to have said, "Sure. Your nickname as a kid? Jeff? You'll be Mr. Jefferson."

When Rhodes won \$40,000 on a week's basketball games, Borgese promptly paid. When Rhodes lost \$32,000, he paid. But, after repeatedly losing \$4,000 and \$5,000 a week, Rhodes was slower delivering his envelope. He was even slower during the baseball season. One Saturday, Rhodes recalls, he bet "three large ones [\$3,000], laying 3-to-1 odds that the Braves would beat the Mets." The Mets won, but, as Rhodes remembers, "they were playing a doubleheader the next day, and I figured they [Mets] could never beat them two in a row. So I wanted to make a bet on the first game of the doubleheader."

After Borgese didn't return Rhodes's calls—a bookie's indication that he doesn't want your bet until your bill is paid—Rhodes panicked. Convinced that the Mets could not win, Rhodes made a decision that would shock any bookmaker. He gave the bet to the telephone answering service, then sent a telegram to Borgese's home: THIS WILL CONFIRM THE MESSAGE LEFT. SECOND DOUBLE. THIS COVERS YOU. NO ANSWER YOUR HOME, JEFFERSON.



Although the Mets committed a then equally shocking act—they won the doubleheader and thus made Borgese a winner—he was irate, perhaps fearing that the telegram would end up as a courtroom exhibit, which it did. Still, Borgese took enough of Rhodes's bets so that by late football season the latter owed him \$140,000. Each Monday, Rhodes delivered \$5,000 at the Copa. One Monday, after requesting Borgese's help in collecting \$10,000 that he had won from a slow-paying bookie, Rhodes asked "to make the one bet that will get me out of the thing": a \$75,000 if-bet —\$25,000 on one team and, if he lost, \$50,000 on a second game. Borgese said he thought he could lay it off but would require the cash, plus vigors (service charge), in advance.

At 1:10 the next Wednesday, Borgese put a dime in the left-handed booth at a Rival Drug Store, phoned Springfield, Mass. and began laying off. "I will get one guy who maybe can handle a 5-if-10," he said, "and maybe I can get a couple of other guys to handle some more 5-if-10, and that way I can get a 20-if-40, 25-if-50."

When Rhodes telephoned Borgese at home on Saturday that he had "just got in town," Borgese answered, "Fine, let's have breakfast," a code to meet in the parking lot at Howard Johnson's in Yonkers. There Rhodes got into Borgese's Oldsmobile and, when told the bet could be taken, raised it to \$30,000-if-\$60,000. But the bet was for the next day. When a radio announcer said that the Army-Navy game was only "seconds away," Rhodes leaned forward, pleading to bet "some dimes on this one." No cash, no bets, Borgese replied, driving off.

Early Sunday, Rhodes studied the point spreads and telephoned his two bets to Borgese: \$30,000 on the Chicago Bears to beat the New York Giants and, if he lost, \$60,000 on the Cleveland Browns to beat the Dallas Cowboys by more than seven points. Later, arriving at Borgese's elegant home with a tan suitcase, Rhodes showed Borgese six tight-

continued



Pardon me...
but your lips are showing.

Use 'Chap Stick'
before
you need it.



Look at your lips. Are they as smooth as they can be? Or are they kinda dry... kinda wrinkled? 'Chap Stick' lip balm helps you prevent all that. Keeps your lips comfortably moist and smooth. And keeps away chapping, cracking, roughness. Whenever you are, your lips are showing. So put on 'Chap Stick' moisture, and smile like you mean it!

Use 'Chap-uns' for hands
BOTH ARE 3.4 FL OZ (100 mL) IN CANADA

BOOKIES

ly bound bundles of \$100 bills. Then, just as Borgese began to count the money, he closed the case and suggested: "Let's go over to Mario's, and we will watch it [the Giants] on TV and have something to eat. We will lock the money in the trunk of the car that's in the garage. Then we will lock the garage, too. We'll have double safety."

Following Borgese (and his wife and daughter) to Mario's, Rhodes watched the Giants leave him on what he called "the wrong side of the points." Then Borgese went to a phone booth, returning to say that the \$60,000 bet on Cleveland "looked bad." Dallas won 45-21, putting Rhodes's loss and vigorish at \$110,000. Recalling that Rhodes mentioned \$120,000 being in the briefcase, Borgese said, "Well, you're coming back to the house to get the difference?"

"No, we'll settle it later," Rhodes replied, "I have something to do."

Detecting apprehension in Borgese's face, Rhodes walked away and drove to Boston to hide. Borgese drove to his garage, only to find \$1 bill underneath Rhodes's sex \$100 bills—or \$3,000 instead of \$120,000.

Within days Borgese's worries grew. An associate bought information from an employee in the Treasury Department that Borgese might be tailed. Deciding against attempting to "set up a pad" (a continuous payoff), Borgese thereafter phoned from the Hinsdale railroad station only as a train passed. Still agents heard Borgese ask: "Is he still booking?"

"Oh yeah, he's doing what you're doing," a man said. "You know, ring-back answering service. They have an apartment."

"Oh, no, that's no good," Borgese said. "If they get you in an apartment, they get you dead."

Four agents had Borgese dead the day that they arrested him near the Copa with \$10,146 in cash. Charged with 12 counts of gambling violations, Borgese was tried in U.S. District Court (where Rhodes, who never did pay his gambling debt, testified against him) and was sentenced in December of 1965 to four years in prison and fined \$20,000. The case is still being appealed because the defense claims much of the evidence against Borgese was obtained by eavesdropping.

Catching bookies like Borgese is becoming progressively more difficult,

thanks to science. One kind of flash paper now enables bookies to touch a lit cigarette to betting slips, causing them to disappear instantly. And a gelatin paper dissolves right before frustrated raiders' eyes when dropped into water. While the products have saved several bookies from internment, there are notable exceptions. After a 220-pound bookie on Chicago's West Side pitched his slips into a bucket with police only three feet away he became so shocked when a detective threw in a neutralizing chemical to stop the dissolution that he leaped through a closed window. Then there was the Brooklyn bookie who forgot to read the directions. He dropped his slips into ice-cold water, not the required lukewarm water. Whereupon Sergeant Harvey Gunson put the bucket into a refrigerator and froze the evidence.

For a lot of their ingenuity and popular demand, bookies may appear to be a refreshing, independent breed. That is a myth. "All bookmakers are either controlled by a crime syndicate or forced to pay a service charge," says Virgil Peterson, the Chicago Crime Commission's blunt operating director. "Try booking without the syndicate's cut and they'll take you over or run you out of business." This widespread contention is, in fact, borne out by tax returns filed by August (Gus) Liebe, a 70-year-old Chicago gambler. His tax returns listed payments of \$79,750 over a two-year period to Tony Accardo, Chicago's reputed syndicate boss, for "ordinary and necessary" expenses, a deduction disallowed by Internal Revenue but upheld in 1965 by the U.S. Tax Court to assure the business's continued operation.

Since it is almost impossible to halt betting operations in an area where they are firmly entrenched, is it possible to prevent such operations from getting started in the first place? Several communities, of course, foster this notion, and not long ago McHenry County in Illinois was one of them. But when the Illinois Crime Investigating Commission was created, its executive director, Charles Siragusa, sent four investigators to McHenry County to see if it was indeed bookie-free. Siragusa soon had a call from John Gallagher, the chief investigator, who said, laughing, "Guess what? We're in good shape if the White Sox and four favorites win today at Arlington. We made 70 bets, then got tired and quit."

END

LET'S GO TO A MOVIE

ADELPHI 58th St. W. of Mac	Goldthumb
BEECH 87th & 125th St.	Goldthumb
BLOU 50th St. & 7th	Goldthumb
CENTRAL 17th & 52nd	Goldthumb
CENTRAL PARK 841 5th & Mid	Goldthumb
CNelsea W 22nd & R 8th	Goldthumb
CONCOURSE Clinton & 5th	Goldthumb
DORCHESTER Mac & 52nd	Goldthumb
EAST END CINEMA 2nd Ave. & 4th	Goldthumb
EXCELSIOR Mac & 57th	Goldthumb
FOURTH ST. PLAYHOUSE near Charles	Goldthumb
GAIETY 43rd & 1st Ave	Goldthumb
GARDEN 57th St. E. of Mid	Goldthumb
GOTHAM 42nd & 87th	Goldthumb
GRAND Park near 52nd St	Goldthumb
GRANDVIEW near Columbus Circle	Goldthumb
HEIGHTS CINEMA Montague & Hicks	Goldthumb
IRVING Christopher & Hudson	Goldthumb
KNICKERBOCKER 4th Ave. & 32nd	Goldthumb
LUX 54th St. E. of 2nd	Goldthumb
MARLBOROUGH 1st Ave. & 22nd	Goldthumb
PAVILION 141st & Wellsworth	Goldthumb
REGENT 77th St. between 1st & 2nd	Goldthumb
STUYVESANT SQ 22nd near Lexington	Goldthumb
7th AVE CINEMA between 28th & 40th	Goldthumb
SMELTON West 53rd St. near 8th Ave	Goldthumb
TUDOR 41st & 2nd	Goldthumb
UPDOWN 45th & Amsterdam	Goldthumb
WASHINGTON SQUARE West 4th St	Goldthumb
WINDSOR E 39th St. & 1st	Goldthumb

How are you spending tonight?

There's not much choice—or fun—if everything's the same.

It's because you do have free choice that you have so many good things to choose from. Tonight's movie. Tomorrow's groceries. Next year's car. And it's all the competition that makes these things get better all the time.

Of course, some people think you have too much choice in the marketplace.

They think you are confused or, maybe, just not bright enough to make up your own mind about the products you want and need. They think the government ought to help you.

For instance, wouldn't it be simpler if there were only four brands of toothpaste instead of 68? And who needs all those flavors? Most people like peppermint so why shouldn't they all be peppermint? Don't

laugh. There really are people—well-meaning people—who think the government ought to regulate the number of brands on the market and standardize their contents. In other words, they want to do your shopping for you. That's nice of them. But, has anyone asked you about it?

Maybe you don't like peppermint

Magazine Publishers Association
An association of 247 editors of U.S. magazines

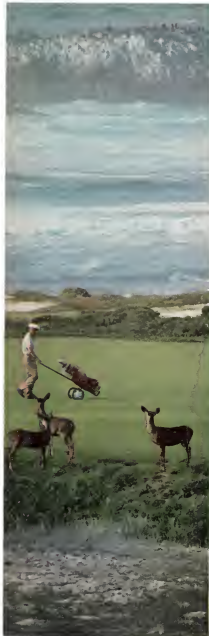


A TREASURE OF A GOLF LINKS FOR THE CROSBY—AND THE PUBLIC

History has it that Robert Louis Stevenson stood on a hill overlooking the seascape at right dreaming up the plot for "Treasure Island," and it would seem to take almost as much dreaming today to find a golf links in this photograph. But it is there, and it is the most talked-about new 18 in America. Called Spyglass Hill, it was opened 10 months ago on the craggy Monterey Peninsula. As the following pages reveal, Spyglass is a rare blend of two diverse types of courses, combining the sandy wastes of Pine Valley with the deep evergreen forests of Augusta National. Though it will receive its first test by the pros in two weeks when it is used for part of the Bing Crosby National Pro-Am, Spyglass was not built for the pleasure of pros and celebrities. It is, instead, a public course—and already the best one in the U.S.

Fairways and greens of the early holes at Spyglass stand out as islands in a desert of unkempt sand. Far in the background is the 14th hole of a famous neighbor, Cypress Point.

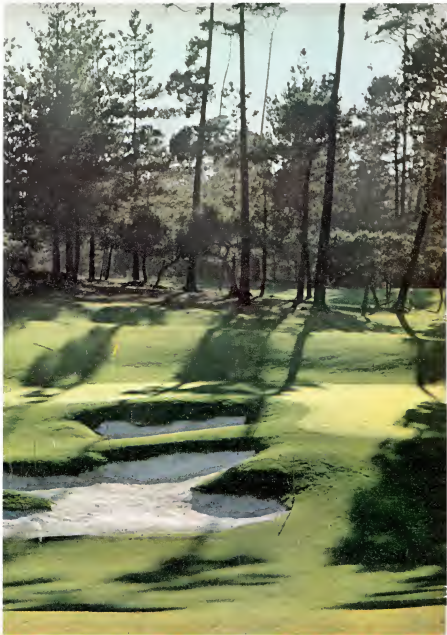




Some frequenters of Spyglass, old and new, stare at each other along the 4th fairway. Toward evening the deer are a more familiar sight than golfers. In the background is a rock covered with hundreds of sea lions.

The 16th, a difficult 460-yard par-4 named Black Dog, is typical of Spyglass once the links turns away from the sea. Traps are large and finely formed, and the shape of the green allows for variety of pin placements.







Golf too often reduces itself into a vicious head-down, eyes-front battle between a man and a small rubber ball, which is too bad, because one of the game's most pleasant experiences lies well outside the world of birdies and double bogeys. This is the pleasure provided by that rare golf course which combines immaculate grooming and a notable challenge with an atmosphere of genuine and often stern natural beauty. Such a course is parklike Augusta National in Georgia; or Pine Valley, hidden away in the scrub-pine wilds of New Jersey; or rolling Merion, outside Philadelphia; or oceanside Seminole in Florida; or the Broadmoor, at the edge of the Colorado Rockies. And now, if the early evidence holds up, Spyglass Hill can be added to any such list of distinctive courses, and it even offers something that none of the others do—it is open to the public. Pay the \$10 greens fee and you can play.

The original idea for the course came from the Northern California Golf Association, which runs about 12 tournaments a year for its 40,000 members. The NCGA felt it was wearing out its welcome at local clubs and wanted a home of its own. What it envisioned—as all golf course investors do—was 18 holes that “would bring Arnold Palmer to his knees.” After two years of searching for a likely location the association received a surprising offer of choice acreage on Monterey Peninsula, just off the 17-Mile Drive in the Del Monte Forest. The offer was made by Samuel F. B. Morse, the chairman of the board of Del Monte Properties Company and the benevolent ruler of the territory on which Pebble Beach, Cypress Point and the two courses of the exclusive Monterey Peninsula Country Club are located. Representatives of the NCGA and Del Monte Properties agreed on a plan whereby the club would be financed by 250 charter members contributing \$2,500 each. The club would rent the land from Del Monte. The roster of members was filled within 90 days, but choosing a name proved more difficult. An obvious selection would have been Spyglass Hill, for that is a common name in the area, one chosen from the pages of Robert Louis Stevenson’s *Treasure Island*, a work he was inspired to write while living in the vicinity. However, many other names were discussed, including such horrors as Bird Rock and Pebble

Pines. It was not until the final financing meeting that Spyglass Hill was agreed upon. Later Robert Hanna, executive director of the NCGA, named every hole after a character, place or incident in the book. The first grass seed was thrown on the sand—no topsoil was needed—in July 1965, and the course was opened for play in March 1966.

Spyglass was designed by the eminent golf architect Robert Trent Jones, who sometimes has been criticized for bulldozing the life out of nature during the building of many of his courses. This can hardly be said of his work at Spyglass, where every effort was made to follow natural contours. Some 60 acres of pine and oak trees had to be cleared for the fairways farther inland, and three more to form lakes that serve as hazards in front of greens, but on the whole the result is a high-quality golf course enhanced by the hardy beauty of the Pacific coastline. The first five holes provide a classic example of what is meant by the phrase “target golf.” Once beyond the first fairway, almost every tee and green is a grassy island surrounded by sand. What Architect Jones has created with these five holes is a Pine-Valley-by-the-Sea. At the 6th tee the course turns inland, propelling the golfer into a forest of pines and ponds. Here Jones has reproduced the calm, deep beauty of Augusta National or Olympic Country Club. Even the wildlife seems undisturbed at Spyglass. The bark of sea lions can be heard across the course, and 150 deer, which are fed by Mrs. Hulet Smith, a local resident, leave hoofprints everywhere. One group of animals, denied Mrs. Smith’s loving care, liked the course so much they ate part of it. Until a spray spoiled their appetites, raccoons were making a nightly meal of the uprons around the greens.

Whether or not Spyglass can achieve the ambition of its founders—bringing the likes of Palmer to his knees—is something that will be resolved on January 19 when the Crosby Pro-Am gets under way. Crosby, who recently surveyed the course himself, said he felt Spyglass was three or four strokes harder than Pebble Beach from the back tees.

“Isn’t this something else?” he said as he covered Spyglass’ 6,972 yards in a jeep. “It will make those pros stretch. What an addition to our tournament.” For that matter, what an addition to L.S. golf.

If Long John Silver Doesn't Get You, Then Billy Bones Will

An adventurous trio advances into trees and fog on the difficult 6th hole, where the course moves away from the ocean.

CONTINUED





The sun sets in the Pacific, and deer, such as this one on the 3rd green, regain temporary possession of Spyglass Hill.



My husband yearns for another frontier, the bottom of the sea. I don't mean he wants to go to the bottom of the sea and stay there—at least I don't think so—but he likes to be underwater from time to time. He also wants me to come with him—he is a psychiatrist, and he likes to be in a situation where nobody can talk, including me—and gaze at happy fish instead of troubled human faces. Snorkeling is a safe, soothing sport, he told me, no brushes with death, no hostile competition, just peace and beauty all around. I was a lucky woman: it could have been sky diving or mixed lacrosse. Besides, to snorkel you have to

go to some lovely Caribbean island and drink rum and wear a bikini—rewards for all the frigid football games I have had to sit through over the years.

So I started—in the pool of a hotel on St. Croix. Those fish were out on the reef, waiting. There was only one problem at first, but it was monumental. I couldn't see. I can't above the water either, but we had decided water refraction or something would help, so we hadn't thought about it much, except to throw a pair of my old glasses into the suitcase. I mastered snorkeling in about 10 minutes, but since the whole point of it is to look at things, and I

couldn't see a thing, we had a problem.

Our hotel was small, and somehow our difficulty went right to the hearts of the manager and clientele. When no available mask could be made to fit over my glasses, we got the old glasses from the suitcase and knocked out the lenses, while the bartender found some glue behind the rum bottles. Then we glued the lenses onto the mask.

The glue took 24 hours to dry, so the next day I went to sea blind, gazing at the blurry bottom, with waving, strangely colored little blobs passing in front of my nose along with a large tan oblong that could have been either my husband



When a husband decides to spend his vacation rummaging beneath the surface of the sea, his wife can sit on shore and watch—or she can (gulp) join him, even if she can't see without glasses

MY LIFE AS A NEARSIGHTED FISH

by NORA JOHNSON

or a shark. The day after that was a bit better. I put on my glued-up mask and found I could see, more or less, through two circles surrounded by a fuzz of glue and myopia and a faint odor of Duco. At least I had tunnel vision, and we set off for the reef. Fifteen strokes from shore the smell of Duco had risen to asphyxiating proportions. Thirty strokes from shore I tore off the mask, gasping, and returned to the beach, waving wanly at my husband whenever he surfaced on the reef. I was, as usual, becoming a real challenge.

Everyone was terribly sympathetic in the bar that evening, and we carefully

put the mask on a breezy balcony for the night, but the whole business was ceasing to amuse me. I was hearing too much about what I was missing. The following morning, 30 strokes out, I began to see fish: angelfish, blueheads, sergeant majors. Sea anemones waved gently on the bottom, and sunlight came down in bright shafts on a glob of purple coral. Then a curious thing happened. The right half of the ocean suddenly sank, leaving only fuzz. If I peered down very low I could see a tiny gash of ocean, but then the left half was still there. It took a good minute of careful thought to realize my right glue had collapsed.

I mutely indicated this to my husband, who gave me a frayed smile, and I returned to the beach.

"How's the glue-sniffing?" asked some wags in the bar that evening, and I wanted to cry. There wasn't much time left. I hadn't been so depressed about being nearsighted since I went to a dance at 16 without my glasses and couldn't find my date. We held a Last Gluing, and on our final day I plunged forth with a pinpoint of vision for each eye (those lenses were getting pretty cruddy). It worked, though, and we made it all the way to the reef. Through my two dots I saw the magic landscape again, or bits of

continued

it, and my husband beaming proudly at me (I think—I could only see half his face by direct staring) as I plunged around fearlessly, a fish right along with him rather than a draggy dame on the beach. Into my minute field of vision swam a lovely little blue creature with streamers. I poked my husband. Immediately he stuck his head out of the water.

"Did you see it?" he asked.

"Yes, did you?"

He gave me a psychiatric look and said, "Let's go in. I feel like a cocktail."

I thought 3 o'clock in the afternoon was a little early to crave alcohol, but apparently he had a raging thirst, for we swam in like bullets.

"It followed us all the way to shore," he gasped, as we crawled up on the sand.

"What did?" I asked blankly. "The little blue fish?"

He looked at me in my Emmett Kelly mask and remembered.

"That little blue fish," he said, "was a four-foot barracuda."

The trouble with psychiatry is that there are names for everything, and the names always sound slightly ill and evil, like something you shouldn't have. Usually they are simply the parlance of the trade, but the uninitiated don't know that. The only way to hang onto reality is to figure out if you're afraid of something for a good reason (like facing a firing squad) or afraid for no apparent reason (like men with red hair in plaid

shirts). If it's the latter, it's a phobia. I don't have a phobia about barracuda, I merely hate them, but even this seems a little suspect, because they apparently love me. I meet them everywhere, and I practically have a heart attack every time. Unfortunately they're like mosquitoes, and the odds on not meeting one are about like the odds on getting through the summer without a mosquito bite. Since they are in fact dangerous fish and it's reasonable to be afraid of them, you then start reading fish books and listening to people who tell you 1) they're more curious than aggressive and 2) they only attack in murky water and bad light when they see a glint of light from your ring or your mask-fitting, because that somehow makes them think you're a fish (forget for the moment you're trying to be a fish). Furthermore, the beach boy says there hasn't been a barracuda attack on this island for a year, and, even then, the guy only lost his left foot (call him Ahab).

It's the same manic reasoning as not flying because you're phobic about it. Most planes don't crash, do they, and you do want to travel, don't you, and a plane like this once made it back to the airport with only one engine and one wing. Don't think—dive. Believe everything you hear about barracuda, because you'll never hear such malarkey about sharks. Sharks have spent 330 million years on the evolutionary scale remaining as nasty and unpredictable as they were in the beginning, and that's solid

accomplishment. But you have to keep yourself in hand. The more you hear about sharks and mania rays and moray eels, the less you want to snorkel. The best way to lick it is to tell yourself that being afraid of anything but a shark is a phobia—which naturally is a lousy thing to have—and then defiantly plunge in.

We were in a little motorboat off Nassau. The fish were supposed to be fantastic there; the light was good, and everything was fine, except that I didn't want to get into the water. I was afraid of barracuda. My husband popped in and surfaced a couple of times to tell me to get in, for God's sake, there were angelfish and parrot fish and French grunt (nice silver-and-yellow-striped fish which for some piscine reason turn their stripes to spots at night—fish are always doing something like that), not to mention blueheads and butterfly fish and a crazy cowfish and . . . blub, blub, blub. I am only hurting myself, I agonized. Below lies an unforgettable spectacle, and what am I? A draggy dame on a boat. I now had special mask glasses and no excuses left, so I gritted my teeth and cooed in.

The thing that keeps people at this is the captivation of the underwater world. It's like old dreams, majestic castles, deserted theaters. Take one look and you understand. There are crinkly mustard balloons, waving blue strands and cocoa mushrooms big enough to sit on. Without a single fish on it, a living coral reef, with its curious light and eerie distinctness, has fascination enough. When it is inhabited by fish, it is hypnotic. This one was spectacular. It had everything—for the entire three minutes I had to look at it.

I was in the process of adoring and idly chasing a pair of lovely little trumpet fish when I looked up, and there, hovering in a patch of murk, was an enormous, evil-looking phobia. He was the first one I'd ever seen, but I would have known him if I'd met him in Bloomington. The boat was somehow 30 yards away. When we finally got aboard, panting and scratching our legs, my husband referred to him as *they*. Well, somebody up there doesn't let me see. There were five of them, and they had been circling us.

The final visual breakthrough came one morning on a Bermuda reef in a shaft of strong sunlight, the first time

That evening we held a Last Gasp, sealing the lenses of my glasses to the mask.



one of the gang had the guts to come out in the open—about two feet away from me, as a matter of fact. He had the usual surly expression, with thrust-out under-jaw and thousands of meaningful teeth. We came upon each other suddenly, and I had to wiggle like an eel to get away without kicking him in the face with a flipper, which I didn't think would help our relationship at all. I swam away from him backward (tricky) and, since he stared, I stared back. When he opened his mouth (probably to yawn) I left at around 60 mph, praying. I haven't seen him since, but he probably took his report back to his headquarters. I can hear him saying, "Phobic type. Keeps staring with a surly expression. Doesn't glint much. Looks stringy and swims backward. C minus."

I soon learned that barracuda and faulty vision were comparatively minor problems. The real dangers of this tranquil sport came in unexpected colors. Guides, for instance, are the true menaces of the sea. They make barracuda seem like cocker spaniels. They insist that you feel everything, for some reason.

They don't just suggest it, either. They grab your hand and forcibly make you stroke something awful like a clump of sea fingers, causing them to freeze to rigidity, or else they pass you an old mayonnaise jar with something white in it and take off the lid. You want to watch those mayonnaise jars. They contain chopped-up clams. Fish can smell them for miles off, and in about two seconds you are in what feels like a crowded elevator. Two-foot parrot fish jump on your shoulder, grunts bat you in the mask, angelfish crawl lovingly into your hair, and sergeant majors sip you in the leg like grats.

The biggest feeler we ever encountered was a man who took us helmet-diving off Nassau. We got into his boat with the rest of the people and prepared to sit there and gaze dreamily at the sea till we got wherever we were going, but up popped Our Leader with a handful of notes and a book of glossies. He spoke with what might be called studied wit about how we were going to meet one of his very best friends, Harry the Grouper. We must be nice to Harry, because Harry's feelings were easily hurt. He liked to be stroked, cute thing, and he on his back and play dead. Would we all please write down our mailing addresses for



He was the first barracuda I'd seen, but I'd have known him anywhere.

the pictures he was going to take of us cuddling Harry, 10 bucks, please, or three pounds 11 shillings.

Our man told us everything, everything. We were prepared for every piece of coral we were going to stroke, so we'd be more secure when we got down there. By this time I was hanging onto my husband's arm shaking with a surfeit of knowledge, while he fixed Our Leader with a psychiatric look. (Diagnosis: bias.) It was even decided in what order we would descend from the Ark. His wife would have some nice hot cocoa ready for us when we came up—yes, cocoa in this weather. It's cold down there on the bottom.

I had the distinction of lasting less time down there than anyone else on the boat. They had trouble getting me down the ladder, for one thing. As you descend on the Horrible Helmet and go underwater, the chug-chug of the air pump rises to deafening proportions and, besides, the helmets are open at the bottom and water sloshes around your chin. I stalled and told Mrs. Cocoa, "No, no, no," and she said, "Now, now, now," and there was Our Leader waiting in his wet suit. Down I went, ready to drown. But I had to go because my husband really wanted to see Harry, so 12 feet below we went.

Harry greeted us like a battering ram. He was two feet long and not an ounce of fat on him, and he was one sick fish. He was queer for people. He snuggled and cuddled and slithered and tried to get into your helmet or bathing suit and played dead, something no fish ever does unless he's really dead. I kept looking

my fingers behind my back, but guides are on to that sort of thing, so we have some nice pictures of ourselves holding slimy Harry belly up. By this time I had managed to work up a legitimate excuse for getting out. My sinuses felt like the green triangles in a nose-drop ad, and I looked so pathetic, through the window of my helmet, that they gave up on me and let me go back.

Mrs. Cocoa was very tactful as she lifted off my brass headress. "Some people just have this reaction, dear. It's nothing to feel bad about." I almost wept and said, "Oh, Mama, tell me it's all right," as she poured cocoa through my chattering teeth. It was true. I was freezing and surrounded by British girls who thought it was "simply super and didn't ever, ever want to come up," and I wondered why they ever, ever had. My husband surfaced, looking happy, and after swearing to myself I wouldn't whine about what a fink I was I began whining about what a fink I was. "It's all right," he said. "You didn't fink first. You went down. How are your sinuses?"

By this time I was well into the twilight zone of fast-fading innocence. I had encountered strong tides, scratchy rocks, sea urchins and stinging coral, and was terrified of all of them. This fear, based on my semiknowledge, was exposed at Buck Island, near St. Croix. Here is an underwater national monument, full of signs saying things like, "Turn left for the angelfish. Love, Stewart Udall," and "Don't stick your hands under any rocks—moray eels. Best, Stew," and so forth. Buck Island is watched over by a guide-caretaker, who

continued

not only takes tours out daily but also buzzes around and dusts off the coral and checks on the health of the fish. He is strictly a no-nonsense man. He doesn't say a word on the boat, except to tell you where the facilities are, because he has the uncanny ability to talk audibly through his snorkel and can go through his spiel underwater.

We chugged off with a group of Hilton Hotel types—men in Hawaiian shirts and green socks, ladies in clogs and silver nail polish and brand new hairdos they kept fussing at, and, boy, was I cocky. I was the only woman on board who had ever snorkeled before. Some of them didn't even know how to swim, either, and one Alabama lady kept up a continuous coy-frantic Southern-gardenia whiny about my, my, she just didn't think she could even get in the water, all those fish, her hair, she'd swum once before in a river in Alabama and sank, and they had to haul her out. Upon arrival, our game guide had some job getting her into the water, which, as I recall, he finally accomplished by simply throwing her in, and off we went. Well, it got a little murky. Some of the coral looked sinister. I began hanging onto my husband like a remora. I'm not sure how it happened, but suddenly I found

myself being dragged along by the guide, who was clutching Alabama firmly in his other hand. How rapidly I'd fallen! Alabama and I were the problem children, and he knew it. My particular phobia that day was that we couldn't possibly fit through the little slots and caverns in the reef that we were fitting through, and we would be scratched, stung, impaled and drowned. In underwater speech, the guide indicated various interesting and beautiful things and forced us to stroke sponges and slugs and jellyfish, all of which was supposed to interest us so we would forget to be nervous. I continued to shudder at this hostile environment, but Alabama took off like a rocket. She went tearing around, stroking and peering under rocks and chasing butterfly fish, till the guide had as much trouble getting her back on the boat as he did getting her off. Oh, what innocence! Already I knew too much and not enough, and Alabama was in that brief blissful state of not knowing a thing that I'd already passed through. If a shark had come along she would have squeaked with delight and never known what hit her. All the way home she chattered happily about how she could hardly wait till the next day to come back again. I was terribly envious.

Depth narcosis is something that happens to people with tanks more than 100 feet down, when they really go wonky and forget their dependence on the surface. They just go on and on and on, deeper and deeper, and if somebody doesn't rescue them, their air runs out. Alabama had suffered a happy form of this, surface narcosis. I've experienced it, too. There have been times when we have come out of the water and found that it was two or three hours later than we thought. What had we been doing? Just flopping around. Following a parrot fish to his hole. Finding treasures to point out to each other—a baby angel-fish, black with bright yellow stripes; a butterfly fish with his eyes on his tail, apparently swimming backward; a black damselfish covered with sapphire dots. Diving to the bottom to peer under a rock, plunging into a school of minnows, like thousands of phonograph needles, and feeling a curious elation in this fantastic world. The colors and textures and distances are dreamlike enough to deceive you into thinking you can stay under as long as you want, because you'll

always wake up. Well, you won't. Stick your head up occasionally and have a look at your own medium. There it is, a bright, sparkling sea surface, a streak of white beach, hunks of gray reef bordered by little white splashes, hills, mountains, little pastel box houses on the land beyond and sound—voices, thumps on a dock, an outboard engine, a buzzing jet. This is where you belong, so don't be fooled.

Keeping all this well in mind, dive back down to the swinging and swaying of mysterious things that grow, the darting about of tiny creatures without feet, the dappling light, the dreamy silence. Topside, we carry a load of necessary goods every day, all connected, often tiresome and usually unquestioned. You collect the laundry to be sent out because it's dirty and you want to be clean to look nice so people will love you so you'll be happy—goals upon goals. Underwater there are none or, if any exist, they are transient. You chase a fish because it is pretty. If it escapes it doesn't matter, for there is always another one coming along. It darts off—but over here are some fantastic sea fans! And on and on. Down there, it's all right to be aimless.

I have a persistent vision of the perfect snorkeling conditions. Delicious white beach, with dazzling reefs about 30 feet out. Shark nets beyond to keep out all sharks, barracuda and other phobias, but they cooperatively cluster around so you can go and stare at them. (This infuriates them.) In case of emergency, a few armed guides silent and invisible to keep you covered. All moray eels on leashes in their holes. Anything harmful so labeled. We are the first ones there, so we discover numberless fish and coral formations never before seen by man. The fish pose cooperatively for flash pictures. For lunch, rum punches and lobster salad under an almond tree, from where we lazily watch a performing school of dolphins. Ah, me.

This is all right for me, but the fact is my husband adores describing every barracuda we have ever met. And that sand shark he saw lying on the bottom. And crashing against rocks as he fought his way around a point at high tide and eels and manta rays and bang 30 feet down with a tank. For him danger is an important part of it.

Maybe the next time we go to the islands I'll try the tank.

END



It was an underwater national movement, with road signs and helpful Alas.



It's an Old Forester kind of day

The light going. The brilliance you
walked in quickly dimming into dusk. And soon
there'll be the fine taste of a great Bourbon.
At the end of a good day.
An Old Forester kind of day.

At 86 or 100 proof "There is nothing better in the market."

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY • 86 PROOF • 100 PROOF BOTTLED IN BOND • BROWN-FORMAN BOTTTLERS CORPORATION • AT LEWISVILLE, KENTUCKY (©1984)



Buy Bonds where you work. They do.

Over 90% of the 101st Airborne Division's 1st Brigade has signed up for U.S. Savings Bonds through the Payroll Savings Plan. That's what their Minute Man flag signifies. These men, now in Vietnam, deserve your support. When you purchase Savings Bonds regularly, you show the men of the 1st Brigade you're with them. And you walk a bit taller.

Buy U. S. Savings Bonds



Bobby Kennedy was on TV again last week and never has the audience been more select. While skiing in Sun Valley, he decided to use the ski school's instant-replay television to check his performance. After he maneuvered through a short slalom course laid out on Dollar Mountain, Kennedy watched the video-tape, stopping it for closer looks at the line and not-so-line points. Said a member of the Sun Valley staff: "He is a wild skier. He skis more for therapy than for form."

By the time Boston College beat Syracuse for its seventh straight win of the season, BC Coach **Bob Cousy** had lost the calm that characterized his Celtic years and was jumping out of his checkered sports coat with delight (below). Last week when BC finally lost, 90-88 to Utah in the Sugar Bowl, he admitted, "For the first time in my basketball life, I had gotten superstitious. I wore that checkered sports jacket to our first game,

and, when we won, I began wearing it every time we played. My assistant coach was sitting farther and farther away from me on the bench. Now that we've been beaten, I'm sending the jacket to the cleaners." But if his team stays hot, the cool Cousy is lost forever.

When **Sir Arthur Esrie Porritt**, K.C.M.G., K.C.V.O., C.B.E., the Sergeant-Surgeon to Her Majesty the Queen, takes up his new post as New Zealand's Governor General next autumn, he will wear among his ribbons and decorations a bronze medal that he won in the 1924 Olympics in Paris. A year later, running in a March snowstorm, he set a 100-yard record of 9.9 at the Oxford-Cambridge meet, a mark that was not bettered until 1962. "I don't think people enjoy running nearly as much as we used to," says Sir Arthur. "It is such damned hard work now. But it's a sign of the times, and I don't see what we can do about it."

Considering the seasons they had last year, it is not surprising that **Pitchers Dick** (The Monster) **Radatz** and **Dick Ellsworth** have been trying their hands at something else, but the businesses they chose may make them the subject of some interesting bench jockeying. The Monster, who was 0 and 5 for Boston and Cleveland, has gone into business with Indian Catcher **Duke Sims**, giving facials to women in Cleveland. So far, Radatz has spent most of his time recruiting employees, while his wife Sharon has been providing the cosmetic applications, but the pitcher says he is capable "if necessary" of doing the job himself. Meanwhile, Ellsworth, who had an 8 and 22 record with the Cubs last season and then was traded to the Phillies, is spending the winter making cradles in the garage of his Morton Grove, Ill. home. He and two other ex-Cubs, **Dick Berell** and **Don Elston**, have turned out 35 walnut-stained, anodized cradles for Chicago department stores, where they sell for \$39.95.

There has proved to be more interest in cradles than anticipated. "Now we have to decide whether to rent manufacturing space elsewhere," says Ellsworth, "because the garage is unheated and too small."

The shop assistant selling dresses to schoolgirls in a middle-class suburb of Perth in West Australia looked familiar, but the customers hardly gave **Margaret Smith** a second glance. The only clue to the identity of the twice Wimbledon and seven-time Australian tennis champion was provided by two copies of her book displayed modestly on a high shelf. Having given up tennis last fall, Miss Smith is pleased with her new career. "I've always liked clothes," she says. "I've studied design and taken layout all over the world, and I've been able to put some ideas into practice in the shop." She has not touched a tennis racket for four months, but last week she was decorated by the Queen with the Order of the British

Empire. Not bad for a shop assistant.

David Niven, the British actor whose most distinguishing characteristic is a plumb, looked anything but suave recently when he took a nasty fall while skiing near Gstaad, Switzerland. Suffering only minor damage, he returned to his chalet, where he discovered that his horoscope read, "You will certainly be brought down with a bump today." The prediction was a safe one, Niven says. "I tell my skiing friends to avoid me, because I am dangerous. I always fall."

"It's the end of an era—all good things must end," said longtime bachelor **Paul Hornung**, as he disclosed last week that he was getting married. Winner of the Golden Boy in 28-year-old Pat Roeder (below), a Green Bay girl who has been working as a TV model in Dallas. The supermarriage is scheduled to take place in Hawaii right after the Super Bowl.





BUY A
ROBERTS 1725-8L
TAPE RECORDER...



GET A
ROBERTS CARTRIDGE
RECORDER
FREE...

Now Make Your Own Stereo Cartridges—To Play In Your Automobile or Home

You've never seen a two-for-one offer like this! A superb stereo eight-track cartridge recorder and player built right into Roberts' new Model 1725-8L compatible tape recorder.

But you don't know the half of it: The reel-to-reel tape recorder alone is worth more than what you would invest to get both. Built to the highest professional standards, it offers many outstanding features—warranted for complete specifications.

Get in on Roberts' biggest tape combination player offer of the year. And because it's from Roberts, it's an offer you can accept without compromise. Less than \$389.95



THE PRO LINE

ROBERTS

6022 Bowditch Street
Los Angeles, California 90038

ROBERTS, AN INTERNATIONAL COMPANY WITH OVER 30 PLANTS AROUND THE WORLD

TENNIS / Kim Chaplin

Australia wins an Indian war

The Davis Cup Challenge Round was a massacre, as those old amateur pros, Roy Emerson and Fred Stolle, won two singles matches apiece

There is one thing you can say about the 1966 Davis Cup Challenge Round, which was held in Melbourne, Australia last week: some of the names were interesting. Try Jaidoop Mukerjee and Ramanathan Krishnan as starters. How about Rajkumar Khanna and Premjit Lal? The trouble with the Challenge Round was that the other names were all too familiar—Roy Emerson and Fred Stolle, mainly—and those were the names that counted. No one really expected the Indians to put up much of a battle against the Australian machine and they didn't, losing 4-1.

There were still other familiar names at Kooyong Stadium last week, too. Remember Arthur Ashe, Cliff Richey and Charlie Pasarell? They were there, tennis rackets in their cases, watching the

action from the uncomfortable grandstand seats to which they were relegated last October when Brazil scored a 3-2 upset in the Interzone semifinals. A fourth member of the U.S. team, Dennis Ralston, was in Los Angeles signing a \$100,000 professional contract, thereby passing the buck, so to speak, after six years of anemic amateur success.

India earned the trip to Melbourne with a 3-2 victory over Brazil, which was undoubtedly still in shock as a result of its upset victory over the U.S. Playing it cool, the Indians declined to participate in any of the five Australian state tournaments that precede the Challenge Round, and, in fact, did not show up down under until one week before cup play was due to start. Still, the Indians had hope. Captain Rajkumar Khanna



ONLY VICTORY FOR INDIANS WAS IN DOUBLES, IN WHICH MUKERJEE AND KRISHNAN

said, "We are not going to be overawed," and Aussie Captain Harry Hopman, reading from the cue cards, said, "These Indian boys are good."

The Australian press, though, was not about to be fooled. It gave slight notice to the Indian practice sessions. Rather, it chose to give Page One treatment to the wives of the three Indian team members, Mrs. Krishnan, Mrs. Mukerjee and Mrs. Lal, who made a big hit parading around Kooyong Stadium and Greater Melbourne in flowing Indian saris.

Likewise, the Lawn Tennis Association of Australia was not to be fooled. It astutely insured itself against financial loss by selling commercial sponsorship of the Challenge Round to a Melbourne oil company for 10,000 Australian dollars. Good move. Only 30,000 spectators showed up for the three days, and, at that, the 24,000 who stayed away got the better break. Ashe predicted a 5-0 Australian sweep, and Australian bookies, who were giving 10-to-1 odds that India wouldn't win a match, found few takers.

The first day's singles matches pitted Fred Stolle, the U.S. champion and at the moment the world's best player, against Krishnan, and Roy Emerson, the two-time Wimbledon champion, against Mukerjee. Two hours and

20 minutes later the score was Australia 2, India 0. Stolle, serving viciously and with great skill, put down Krishnan 6-3, 6-2, 6-4, and Emerson, playing his worst Challenge Round singles match ever, still overwhelmed Mukerjee 7-5, 6-4, 6-2.

All that did was provoke Sydney's leading sports commentator, Frank Bird, to suggest that Hopman lay aside his heavy artillery and let youngsters like Bill Bowery, Ray Ruffels and Owen Davidson get in on the bloodletting. "Why not make a contest of the 1966 Challenge," Bird said, "instead of asking us to watch the Indian amateurs being butchered in what will be an all-time low in the history of the Davis Cup defence."

Hopman was a bit lenient, but not much. Instead of playing Emerson and Stolle in the second-day doubles match, he chose John Newcombe and Tony Roche, who hadn't won a Wimbledon doubles title since way back in 1965.

Captain Khanna looked at the pairing, smiled enigmatically and said, "The world lives on hope. Why should we give up?"

Good question, and an even better one after Krishnan and Mukerjee had accomplished one of the great Davis Cup surprises by defeating Roche and Newcombe in four sets 4-6, 7-5, 6-4, 6-4.

"I told you the world lives on hope," Khanna said.

Hopman smiled and countered, "There is still tomorrow."

Right again, Harry. The third day was like throwing Krishnan to the lions. Emerson raised his game significantly in the humid 90° heat in the stadium, staged off a late rally by the desperate Indian and won the third and deciding point for Australia 6-0, 6-2, 10-8. In the last match, with nothing at stake, Stolle and Mukerjee met in the best match of the Challenge, with Stolle winning 7-5, 6-8, 6-3, 5-7, 6-3.

For the rest of the tennis world, the most encouraging news out of Australia all week was the rumor that Stolle would join Ralston in the pro ranks. Poor Australia. That would leave only Emerson, Roche, Newcombe, Davidson, Bowery and Ruffels to defend the 243-ounce sterling cup. And if Hopman really gets desperate, he might even be able to lure Margaret Smith, formerly the world's No. 1 woman player and an Australian, out of her recent retirement. Considering the state of tennis in the rest of the world, she just might be enough. **END**



raisins
in little packs
will put you (or your
best girl) back on
your feet in a hurry



(FAR COURT) OUTHANEUVERED AUSSIES



AFTER A LONG ARGUMENT, OFFICIALS OF THE MACKINAC BRIDGE DECIDED TO LET THE SNOWMOBILES CROSS AS MOTORBIKES

Cops, dogs and snowmobiles without snow

Not since the wagon trains of the 19th century have transcontinental travelers faced such hazards as those that confronted two pioneering Minnesotans who rode snowmobiles from the West Coast to the East

It took prime-time television a full season (39 weeks) to recount all the perils faced by the transcontinental travelers of *Wagon Train* who pushed their way from east to west back in the rough old days. But Wagonmaster Ward Bond and his friends could never even have guessed at the hazards that had to be overcome by two latter-day pioneers who tried to make the trip in the opposite direction in snowmobiles a month ago. Scooting across 4,018 miles of the North American continent from Vancouver, B.C. to South Portland, Me. in 24 days, James Langley of Blaine, Minn. and Clark Dahlin of nearby Cambridge faced no hostile Indians but plenty of hostile—or merely puzzled—bluecoats. Fourteen times, or once for every 287 miles they traveled, the snowmobiles were stopped, picked up or turned aside by cops along the route.

The Oregon Trail trekkers sometimes were beset by wolves. For Langley and Dahlin the hazard was dogs. Snowmobiles, some of which—significantly—are

called Sno-Cats, ride so low to the ground that a dog, even a middle-sized dog, can look down on the driver. Moreover, a snowmobile skittering along and shooting up a fine spray of snow behind it impresses most dogs as mighty interesting quarry. All the way across Canada and the U.S. fine affectionate house dogs, long-known as well-mannered and beloved pets, came rushing wildly out of yards to try to gnaw on Langley and Dahlin.

The ultimate handicap faced by the two snowmobilers would never have been classed as such by the wagon-trainers: no snow. As a rule, most of Canada and the northern tier of the U.S. is covered with snow for a good part of each year. When Langley and Dahlin started from Vancouver on November 28 it was a rainy 38°, but soon afterward warm, glowing sunshine began to blanket the entire area. Wherever the snowmobiles went, the snow seemed to have just melted or be just about to fall. In anticipation of such an emergency, Langley and

Dahlin had equipped their machines with several sets of auxiliary wheels to take over from the skis on which they usually run, but the pounding of the little wheels over corduroy roads created a collateral hazard. "Every 20 miles," said Dahlin, "the kidneys needed release. But every 20 miles or so it seemed cars would suddenly appear on all sides where originally there had been none." So to the ordeal of no snow there was added that of no privacy.

Langley and Dahlin originally had planned simply to set a new snowmobile distance record. They did not think that would be difficult. No one before them had ridden very far in a snowmobile. Clark Dahlin, 26 and married, is a tall, thin, dark-haired mechanic whose previous experience with snowmobiles was limited to using one on short trips near his home. Jim Langley is 29, married, and an excavating engineer in his working hours. He is a snowmobile racer in his spare time. Last winter he placed third in a 460-mile race from Winnipeg

to St. Paul, the longest such event ever run. Both adventurers felt that a thousand-mile run would set a record that would be safe for a long time. But when they began to plot a course, they were increasingly entranced by the idea of racing over the snow from the Pacific all the way to the Atlantic. Harold Krull, part-owner of the Great North Trading Post and Dahlin's boss, persuaded Polaris Industries, Inc. to lend them two 15-horsepower Polaris Colt snowmobiles for the trip and persuaded another outfit to send along a supporting vehicle for emergencies. To qualify as automobiles, so they could run on roads when necessary, the snowmobiles were equipped with windshield wipers, dual headlights, taillights, a double braking system, turn signals, seat belts and Minnesota license plates, as well as those auxiliary wheels.

The license plates did not help much. Leaving Vancouver, after ceremoniously dipping their skis into the Pacific, the two were stopped at the entrance to the Deas Island Tunnel under the Fraser River by Canadian Mounties who said, with some reason, that snow never fell in the tunnel. Langley and Dahlin protested that their vehicle, carrying Minnesota plates, was legal on British Columbia roads. True, said the officers. But speed limits through the tunnel are a minimum of 45 miles an hour, and most motorists go through at 75 miles an hour. Could the snowmobiles make 45 miles an hour? To answer this tricky question, the litigants proposed a race. It was agreed that if the snowmobiles could keep up with police cars going 45 miles an hour on the open highway, they would be permitted to go through the tunnel. Snowmobiles accelerate very quickly. Langley and Dahlin got off to such a lead that it took the police cars three blocks to catch them, and the sporty Mounties waved the travelers on their way.

Meanwhile, the sunshine continued to fall. It was everywhere. The roads were plastered with it. It was piled in drifts on the mountains. It fell from the roofs of houses. The skies remained a threatening cloudless blue. Hoping to find what all snowmobile addicts look forward to—plenty of good, cold, biting winds to put a frosty crust on a snowfall—Langley and Dahlin turned south to the Cascade Range. But there was not even snow on the top of Stevens Pass.

Langley and Dahlin were getting a little desperate when they came to Lookout Pass in the Bitterroot Range of Montana. Then things began to look better—rain and sleet.

In their element at last, the pair raced on a hundred miles to Missoula. Or almost to Missoula. Five miles from the city they saw a car skidding on the glare ice. It was a police car. The highway patrolman stopped them and ordered them off the highway. He said he had a directive ordering all snowmobiles off Montana roads. It developed that the legislature had passed a law one week before banning them from the highways, and they could legally cross the state only by loading their vehicles into a truck. Since that was impossible in the storm, it was agreed that the snowmobiles could go on to Missoula under their own power and wait there for the authorities.

Snow was reported all the way to the Great Lakes, and Langley and Dahlin felt they could not wait. They appealed to the Missoula Chamber of Commerce for help. The secretary of the Chamber of Commerce expressed concern. He said he felt that all this showed Missoula had given the cold pioneers a cold shoulder. It should be warmed up. There followed the best steaks in Missoula, an evening at a local nightclub, invitations to frater-

ternity festivities at the state university and rooms at the best hotel. Early in the morning Langley and Dahlin raced out of Missoula, but they had gone only 17 miles when they were halted again by police. This time they managed to reach Governor Tim Wabrock in Helena, about 140 miles ahead. The governor issued a statesmanlike declaration saying that while he in no way wanted to undermine law enforcement in his state, he also wanted to support a coast-to-coast snowmobile trip and invited them to visit him in the capital.

When they reached there he gave them letters urging the governors of other states to expedite their passage. So the snowmobilers, not the type to take the easy way, promptly headed north to Canada. At Havre, Mont., 40 miles from the border, they ran into another storm that began promisingly, but which soon petered out into sleet and rain. At one point Langley's machine hit a rock, Dahlin's machine hit Langley's, and they both turned over, but nothing was damaged. They discovered the weather was getting a little too good for their purpose when a gust of wind picked one of the machines off the road and deposited it in a ditch. It climbed back under its own power.

However, near Val Marie, Sask. (pop. 1,000),



CIRCUMSPECT OR HOSTILE COPS STOPPED THE TRAVELERS ABOUT ONCE EVERY 500 MILES



New scientific method gives you a
POWERFUL PHYSIQUE
 IN LESS THAN 2 MINUTES A DAY

Now, right at your own home, you can build stronger muscles . . . broad shoulders . . . increased lung capacity . . . a trim waistline, with the new TENSOLATOR®: the scientific new method of isometric-biometric contraction developed by physiologists of the famous Max Planck Institute in West Germany.

Used to train Olympic athletes, TENSOLATOR can multiply strength for everyone—20, 40, 50 years old or more. No strenuous exercises, no lengthy workouts. TENSOLATOR guarantees positive results in a series of quick 7-second exercises that take less than 2 minutes a day in the home. TENSOLATOR can also concentrate on fast strengthening of individual muscles (golfer's wrist, etc.).

Successful results guaranteed or your money back in 10 days. Send for FREE illustrated, step-by-step brochure showing TENSOLATOR in action. (Enclose 25¢ to cover postage and handling.)

Theylo Corp., Dept. 50-J, 509 Fifth Ave.
 New York, N.Y. 10017

zip code helps keep postal costs



BUT ONLY IF YOU USE IT.

WINTER SPORTS *continued*

301), roughly a thousand miles east of Vancouver, one of the snowmobiles broke down in the midst of a snowstorm with 55-mile-an-hour winds and a temperature of 18° below zero. They were in open prairie country rising slightly to the Great Divide. Langley's nose and Dahlin's chin became frostbitten. With less fortitude Langley and Dahlin might well have become the world's first martyrs to transcontinental snowmobile travel, but somehow they managed to get the machine repaired by working through the night until 2:30 a.m. and went on.

On the night of December 7 they were again stopped by police. This time it was for questioning at Portage la Prairie. But a few miles farther on at Winnipeg they were greeted warmly. A heavy snow had fallen, and Mayor Stephen Juba, after delivering a few words of official welcome, expressed a wish to try one of the machines, saying he had never operated a snowmobile before. He ran it smack into a snowdrift and announced firmly "There is nothing to it!" leaving Langley and Dahlin to dig both him and the snowmobile out of the bank.

Throughout its length, there appeared to be something about the Dahlin-Langley venture that strongly appealed to successful politicians. Crossing Minnesota they made a detour at the request of Governor Karl Rolvaag so he could be photographed having coffee with them. For the last 2,000 miles Langley and Dahlin automatically froze into fixed poses at the sight of reporters, photographers and public officials, Langley with a cheerful smile on his expressive features, Dahlin staring into space.

They went north into Canada again, then back south over the Mackinac Bridge (where they had an argument about tolls). They finally reached New York's Adirondack Mountains. No snow. But guess what? Cops—cops who were conducting a search for two drunks reported driving snowmobiles on snowless ground. They pushed on to the White Mountains. Again no snow.

There was still no snow on the gray day when at last Dahlin and Langley ran their vehicles onto a gray beach in South Portland, Me. and declared the trip officially over. What was the worst hardship they had faced in the 4,000 miles they had traveled? "The thumb," said Jim Langley. "Holding down that throttle gets you in the thumb." **END**



The Iron Curtain isn't soundproof.

And so the truth is broadcast, through the air, where it can't be stopped by walls and guards, up to 18 hours a day to millions of people in the closed countries behind the Iron Curtain.

Will you help the truth get through? Whatever you can give will mean a great deal to a great many people behind the Iron Curtain.

Send your contribution to:

Radio Free Europe, Box 1965, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.





An unconventional convention that works

Although I am not especially fond of systems based on artificial conventions, I am not blind to the fact that they have their uses. For example, there is a no-man's-land in standard no-trump bidding—the 19- or 20-point hand that falls between the opening bid of one and two no trump. It is now customary to show this by opening with a bid of one in a suit and following with a rebid of two no trump if partner has responded in a suit on the one level.

Players who use an artificial one-club bid to show a stronger than 17-point hand close this gap much more simply. They open one no trump with 16 to 18 and show 19 or 20 by opening with a forcing one club. They follow this by a one-no-trump rebid if partner responds with a negative one diamond. They can rebid two no trump with 21 or 22 and tighten up the ranges all the way through 26- or 27-

*Neither side vulnerable
South dealer*

		NORTH	
WEST		EAST	
		SOUTH	
SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1 ♣	PASS	1 ♠	PASS
1 N.T.	PASS	2 ♣	PASS
2 ♣	PASS	3 ♣	PASS
3 N.T.	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: 5 of spades

point balanced hands. After any of these no-trump bids, a response in clubs asks about a four-card major-suit fit, just as if the original bid were in no trump. That is the method used by the North-South players in this deal.

The bidding enabled South to suggest the possible superiority of a no-trump contract even though his side had located the fit in hearts. If he had held a very unbalanced hand, North could have returned to four hearts, but he was content with three no trump. This was just as well, because with careful defense East-West could set four hearts. East has to lead a diamond when he gets in with the ace of hearts, but this is a reasonably clear defense. Not that three no trump was easy. To make it, South had to refuse the opportunity to follow the usual guideline for no-trump timing and come up with a plan that gave him more than a 50-50 chance of success.

Declarer let the first trick run to East's queen, and allowed East to hold the lead, the customary maneuver to break communications between the defenders. He won the spade continuation with dummy's ace. The standard technique now would be to establish the longest suit and also knock out the card of entry that cannot be escaped in any case—the ace of hearts. All of which dictated a heart lead, but this was not South's play. Instead, he led a club from dummy, put up the queen and lost a finesse to West's king. West continued spades, establishing the suit, but his re-entry in diamonds did not come through in time. South won the third spade, led a heart to East's ace, and East did not have a spade to return. Declarer made the contract with four heart tricks, two spades, two clubs and one diamond.

The way South played the hand, he was bound to make the contract if East had either or both of the two key cards, the ace of hearts or the king of clubs. Had he tackled the hearts first, he would have been gambling that East had one specific card—the king of clubs. By taking the club finesse first, declarer gave himself a 3-to-1 chance instead of relying on the even-money finesse.

Yes, I am aware that if South could see all the cards he could make the hand anyway because West is compelled to make three discards on the hearts and must let go of a spade in order to keep the king and queen of diamonds and a guard for his king of clubs. But if West blandly lets go one diamond and his two spot cards in clubs, South is almost sure to take the club finesse for his ninth trick, with fatal consequences.

END

A LONELY TRIBE OF LONG-DISTANCE RUNNERS

The Tarahumare Indians, who live in Mexico's remote barranca country, are not fleet of foot, but thanks to their extraordinary stamina they can keep a kickball race (opposite) going for days BY EDWIN SHRAKE

The Indians began to come in as the sun touched the ridge west of where Rio Cusarare bends in a clear stream past a place called Cabañas Barranca del Cobre. The first we knew of their approach was when Shel Hershorn, the photographer, glanced up from our game of crazy eights and said, "It's a classic. A face in the window. Don't look over your shoulder." So I looked over my shoulder and saw framed in the window a pine tree and the nape of a chalky hill, nothing more.

"Perfect face," Shel said. "Brown. White headband. Black hair. Curious oval eyes. Apache-looking. Too bad you missed it. However, if you could look up just now, carefully, without letting them know what you're doing, and turn your head very slowly, then suddenly snap around, you could see three more."

I looked around again, and there were five. Rather than popping out of sight, these five—now seven, all wearing cotton headbands, dressed as if they had been sent by Cochise—grouped at the windows and peered into the room where we sat at a table near the fireplace. These faces, black eyes following each movement of card or cigarette or coffee cup,

awoke some ancient memory that caused a certain creeping of the flesh. Mollie Lowther got up and opened the door. Bundles of cloth lay on the hillside beyond Rio Cusarare as though someone had tossed his laundry out of an airplane. Since early afternoon we had heard the bells of the Indians' goats and had caught an occasional ghostly motion up in the rocks. Now the Tarahumares were showing themselves, coming in for the fiesta we had decided not to have that day. "Must be at least 50," Mollie said. "Somebody's going to have to explain this to them."

We had been passing the word for the Tarahumares to come in some morning and had been assured by Juan Safiro, a mestizo from a valley known as the Place of the Eagles, that they would. But an Indian is not obsessed with counting time as we are. When you say morning he thinks you eccentric if you expect him before dusk. We went out on the porch of the Cabañas Barranca del Cobre, which is a long wooden cabin divided into rooms. An old blind man in a loincloth was walking down the road toward the lodge, poking up dust with his stick. Behind him in the peach light

continued





LONELY TRIBE *continued*

wandered a small boy wearing only an unbuttoned red shirt. The old man sat down against the Lowthers' pole fence. The boy came to the porch and looked up at us.

"*Chu-ma rewe?*" I said, exhausting one-seventh of my knowledge of phrases in Rarámuri, the language of the Tarahumares.

"*Nejé rewé Juan Batista,*" said the boy. "Terrible name to stick a kid with," Shel said. "Give him some candy."

The boy unfolded a bandanna, placed our peppermints inside with several jellybeans of dubious vintage and refolded

the bandanna. He kept looking at us. They were all looking at us, the ones who had been at the windows and the ones on the hillside and a dozen more who were coming down the canyon from the direction of the waterfall and perhaps another dozen who had appeared on the ridge in the sunset. They were not talking. They were just looking at us. Even the goats were looking at us. They were all waiting. They could wait all night.

Shel picked up his Polaroid color camera, and we went out to the pole fence, where an Indian woman in a white

cotton dress sat with two babies and a dog. All three were in her arms, wrapped in a red shawl.

Shel shot her picture. Many of the Tarahumares have never seen their own reflections. The Polaroid was our device for introduction. Shel gave the woman the color print, and she held it upside down, as other Indians did later. Shel righted it. She examined the photo and began to make the mental connection between the red on the paper and the red of her shawl. She tapped the photo, tapped the shawl, tapped her face and looked up at us. "That's you, ma'am,"



In a pre-race ritual, the Tarahumares dance (left), while an old man and a boy (above) await the start of the contest. Children take a holiday to bathe in the river (below).



Shel said. She grinned in a sudden burst of pleasure. She started stroking her hair and smoothing it back, looking into the photograph as if it were a mirror.

Mollie, meanwhile, was informing the Indians through one who spoke Spanish as well as Raramuri that the fiesta would be put off until tomorrow at San Ignacio. The reason, she told them, was that it was getting too dark for pictures. Having come to expect baffling behavior from us, they nodded. By now they knew Shel as *Loqueto*, or Little Crazy One, because he lay in the dirt or hung from rocks a mile above canyon floors

to point his black boxes. We broke open a crate of animal crackers and passed them out and watched the Indians disappear into the evening, goat bells tinkling, dogs barking, bundles of cloth vanishing into the pines.

This was the barranca country in the southwestern part of the state of Chihuahua, Mexico, about 400 miles south of El Paso and 180 miles west of Chihuahua City. We had come down to find the runners of the Sierra del Tarahumare, a stretch of the high mountain range called Sierra Madre Occidental. The Indians for whom the Sierra del

Tarahumare is named refer to themselves as *Raramuri*, a word that means "foot runner." Anthropologists class them as Uto-Aztecan, related to those fantastic runners of the southwestern U.S., the Apaches. It was not extraordinary for an Apache to run 75 miles in a day, leaving his horse far from the scene of a raid and approaching on foot. The origins of the Tarahumares are unclear, but a band of Apaches living northeast of the Gila River in Arizona were called *Tarasoma* by the Pimas. Among the Tarahumares is a tale that they came down from the Apache land, although

continued

there persist old men who say their people descended from heaven with corn and potatoes in their ears.

The Tarahumares were driven into the mountains by the Spanish and by other Indians, including the Apaches and the Yaquis. Over many of their canyon paths it is safer and faster to go on foot than by horse or even by burro, and running developed as a mode of transportation as well as a game. "There is no doubt they are the best runners in the world, not for speed but for distance," says Professor Lamberto Alvarez Gayou, an authority on Mexican sport. Forty years ago an emissary went to a Tarahumare chief to invite him to send runners to a marathon race in Kansas. When told a marathon was a mere 26 miles, the chief ordered three girls to run it. In 1927 Professor Gayou clocked two Tarahumare men in 14 hours 53 minutes for a distance of 89.4 miles between Austin and San Antonio, Texas. Two Tarahumare sisters ran 28.5 miles in 4 hours 56 minutes—not astonishing for speed or distance in terms of the Boston Marathon, but a fair jog for two untrained teen-age girls in long dresses. Several Tarahumares were on the 1928 Mexican Olympic team, and others have come forth for a trial now and then, but the Indians have never done well when brought down from their high country and made to behave like athletes. When they run, it is to get someplace or to win a bet. Recently a Tarahumare messenger ran 50 miles through the mountains, stopped at several villages for reports on the Indians' food supply—which, as usual, was scant—and returned to the Jesuit mission in Sisoguichi. He made the trip in six hours.

To reach Tarahumare country we flew from Juarez to Chihuahua City, coming in over patches of brown desert sprinkled with the green of sage and cactus, the jagged mountains blue in the distance. From Chihuahua City we rode southwesterly on the Chihuahua al Pacifico, a remarkable railroad that goes through 72 tunnels and across 33 bridges and twists over the Continental Divide three times before it arrives at Los Mochis, 400 miles away on the Pacific coast. Vaqueros and children herding goats and

sheep watched the train go past as it climbed higher into the mountains, into a vast, lofty country of pines, oaks, aspens, boulders and great swollen batholiths. The rivers have carved the area into five major canyons, or barrancas, and many lesser canyons over an area of 10,000 square miles. Five of our Grand Canyons would fit into the barranca country like five stewpots into a bathtub and leave rattling room on the sides.

The rivers that have sculptured the barrancas come together into the Rio del Fuerte, which breaks out of the Sierra Madre Occidental southwest of the Divisadero near the town of Choix, said to have been named for a French soldier who deserted from Maximilian's army after the Emperor of Mexico was overthrown in 1867. In the time of the conquistadores, gold and silver were packed out on burros along the Rio del Fuerte and taken north to Alamos for smelting. For centuries men have searched western Chihuahua, eastern Sonora and northern Sinaloa for the lost Jesuit mine of Tayopa, which 17th century records prove to have existed, perhaps on the Yaqui River, but which now exists in tales, in faded maps, in mysterious lumps of gold that turn up in trading towns and perhaps in the secrets of the Tarahumares or the Yaquis. Within the past two years an archaeologist from California discovered 24 suits of 16th century Spanish armor in perfect condition in a cave outside Sisoguichi, on the headwaters of the Rio Conchos. He says the huge ovens he found may be evidence to verify a Tarahumare legend concerning a race of giants who lived in the mountains and had much gold.

Clearly, one could not enter such a country without a certain amount of dreaming. I went up to the head of the two-car Fiat Autovia train to discuss with Shel what problems enormous riches might cause us. Shel was standing between two engineers and watching as the train clattered toward a black mule that was dining on the track.

"Hey, there's a mule on the track," Shel said finally to the chief engineer. "Oh, we kill lots of mules," said the engineer, making a duck-quacking motion with his fingers and looking at his

assistant as if to say these Anglos know nothing of how to run a railroad.

The mule rose up large in the windshield. At the last moment the engineer heaved his horn, and the mule walked off the track. "Pardon me," Shel said. There was a dull banging sound and a jolt. We looked out and saw a pig tumbling off into a ditch. "We kill lots of those, too," said the engineer, and we went back to our seats as the train came into Creel, a lumber town 7,000 feet high on the Continental Divide, six hours by rail from Chihuahua City.

The little station was crowded with Indians in diapers and headbands and Indians in jeans and straw hats. They boarded the train to carry off the bags. A lumber truck went by, and dust hung over the adobe houses and wooden shacks. An old Indian woman sat eating a Popstle under a *Tome Pepa* sign outside a cantina. Chickens and pigs foraged in the streets. A butcher was cutting up a cow in front of his shop. We found the face of Joe Lowther, brown skin stretched tight across his cheekbones, under a felt cowboy hat. We piled into Joe's station wagon with his driver, Salvadore Molino, and set out on the bounding 12-mile drive up a lumber road past Lake Arareco to the Cabezas Barranca del Cobee, or Copper Canyon Lodge. Joe Lowther, a cowboy, and his wife Mollie built the lodge because there is only one other tourist hotel between Chihuahua City and Los Mochis and that one lacks private baths and even running water in the rooms.

To get permission to build on Indian land, which is divided into sections called *ejidos*, each ruled by a governor or chief, Mollie had to promise that her lady guests would not wear shorts or stretch pants, a sight the Tarahumares consider indecent. The lodge has six inches of dirt on the roof for insulation, is lit with kerosene lanterns and warmed with wood fires. "There's no use in women wearing makeup around here after dark, because you can't possibly see it," Mollie says.

Mollie is not the sort to worry much about makeup. When she was a girl her parents packed her off to Sarah Lawrence College in Bronxville, N.Y. to

polish the Texas off her. The night before the term was to begin she put on her fur coat and went to the Madison Square Garden rodeo for a date with a bull rider. That night a steer got loose on Eighth Avenue as Mollie and her cowboy were coming out of the Garden. He grabbed the steer and wrestled it to the pavement, Mollie handed him a rope to tie it with—and the scene was preserved in photographs on the front pages of New York newspapers. After seeing the papers, Mollie's parents gave up on Sarah Lawrence and ordered her home. Joe Lowther grew up in Montana, breaking horses and guiding hunting parties and fighting on Saturday nights in a circle of pickup truck headlights. "People drove in from several counties to try to whip me," Joe says. "Nobody ever did it, but I sure got pockered up some."

In August of 1965, as the lodge was being built, Mollie was caught in a flash flood on the Rio Cusarare with her children, Alden and Zoe, and their friends, Sellen and Kay Bickers. Several Tarahumares came along and escorted them to a cave to wait out the flood. The Indians could not understand why the Anglos would be discomforted by the prospect of missing a few meals. One Indian, pointing at the sky, asked Mollie if she had noticed the odd star that moved across the heavens every couple of hours. Mollie told them it was a space capsule with two astronauts inside.

"That machine goes across the sky and crashes on the other side and two men die," the Indian said, "and it happens over and over."

"No," Mollie said. "The earth is round and the same machine just keeps going around it."

Being too polite to tell her she was wrong, the Indian said, "It does not matter if the machine crashes into the earth. The purpose of life is to be relieved of suffering. That is what death does, so death is good."

The Tarahumares are intimate with death. Four out of five Tarahumare chil-

continued

The men sit and rest for the main event while they watch their women run a hoop race.



dren die of disease or malnutrition before they are 5 years old. Those who survive are very tough people—short, thin, shy, dignified nomads who live in caves or log-and-stone huts called *garf*. They roam over 35,000 square miles of mountain country, including the barrancas, moving into the valleys in winter and into the high places in summer. There are about 35,000 Tarahumares, or one per square mile, which is not enough land to have supported the horse Indians of the southwestern U.S. The Tarahumares raise corn, beans and squash in small plots, kill a few deer and rabbits,

pers and hot chocolate while listening to Benny Goodman on a transistor radio, and went to find the Indians to see if we could arrange a race. For the next week we explored the canyons of Urique, Batopilas and Cobre, going in Joe's station wagon over lumber or mining roads so precipitous that a 56-mile trip to La Bufa silver mine took 12 hours, twice the time it took the Indian messenger from Sisoguichi to run a similar distance. Or we went on horse and mule with José Esquivel, a mining engineer who has spent 50 years in the mountains, and Santiago Parra, a Tarahumare guide. Whenever

bowls to hold food that was to have supplied happy passage for the bones on the floor. There was no armor. "This was soaked up before the priests came," said Santiago.

Watching for deer, we saw a number of them among the pines. It is said there is no hunting or fishing of note in the barranca country, but this is not true. The idea probably originates with guides who are not eager to fight the forbidding terrain. In a place where it may require hours and a climb of a mile down a chasm and a mile back up to reach a ridge that looks close, sport is only for the dedicated. Alden Lowther, who is called *Basa-chee-regalarchi* (Smart like a Coyote from a Long Way Away) by the Tarahumares, and his friend Charlie Mickelson took a nice string of rainbow trout out of Lake Arareco and caught a dozen bass in a pool of the Urique River while we were there. But they went after the fish with lures. The Tarahumares do it quite differently.

In a monograph on the Tarahumares, Dr. Campbell W. Pennington, Professor of Geography at Southern Illinois University, has listed some species of fish in Tarahumare country as squawfish, dace, bullhead catfish, mountain sucker, black bass, carp, skate, bluenose and eel. The way the Indians catch them is primarily by stupefaction. The Tarahumares stir a toxic substance—there are about 25 varieties of narcotic plants in Tarahumare country—into the water with a stick. If the water is turbid, the Indians dump in large amounts. If the water is rapid, they build dams to create ponds. They are cautious about using one plant, barbasco, because it kills pregnant cows and causes miscarriages among mares. Two species of agave, including the soap plant, will stun fish as far as 300 yards downstream. The root of *wasia*, the poison hemlock, is crushed when the plant is in bloom and is thrown into moving water; it is too potent to use in pools. The fish float dazedly to the surface, doped, one might say, to the gills, and the Indians scoop them out and eat them immediately, cooked but ungutted and unskinned. Sometimes the Indians use a reed tipped with cactus thorns as a fish spear or shoot reeds

continued

The old basson bones used for making music for the runners come from caves such as this one.

and they endure, walking in the snow in rubber sandals made from tires abandoned by lumber-truck drivers, starving when there is drought, eating pinole (corn mush) and drinking *tesgüino* (fermented corn sprouts) when there is some. They do not encourage visitors. Unless in a village, they usually hide or become stony silent at the approach of strangers, waiting stolidly for them to go away. But there are means of getting their attention.

Our first morning in the lodge we were out of our blankets at daylight, had a breakfast of pancakes, eggs, chili pep-

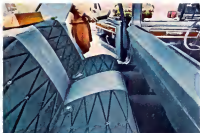
pers and hot chocolate while listening to Benny Goodman on a transistor radio, and went to find the Indians to see if we could arrange a race. For the next week we explored the canyons of Urique, Batopilas and Cobre, going in Joe's station wagon over lumber or mining roads so precipitous that a 56-mile trip to La Bufa silver mine took 12 hours, twice the time it took the Indian messenger from Sisoguichi to run a similar distance. Or we went on horse and mule with José Esquivel, a mining engineer who has spent 50 years in the mountains, and Santiago Parra, a Tarahumare guide. Whenever

we rode up to a cave or hut back in the mountain country, where the wild dispersed Indians are called *gentiles*, the occupants would disappear. We went to Sisoguichi, where the Jesuits operate a hospital and a school that broadcasts in Rarameri and Spanish to 84 radio sets scattered through the mountains. The information somehow was getting around that we were harmless, funny-looking, gave away colored images on paper and had pockets full of animal crackers, chewing gum and pesos.



MERCURY CALIENTE

A Man's Car is a woman's best friend.



Caliente Grandé interior has blue Gossamer nylon or Chambrey nylon (parchment or black). Both framed with vinyl.

Mercury knows how a woman is about upholstery and decor.

So we fingered a lot of fabrics before we ran across the Gossamer for the optional Grandé interior of this 4-door Caliente. It has 3-way stretch, feels soft as silk, but wears like jeans. All this, over nearly 2 luxurious inches of foam.

Mercury also took special pains with Caliente's appointments. Knobs, handles, dial

frames are beautifully simple.

Elsewhere in the Caliente, a man has had the last word. The engine choice ranges up to a sarging 390 V-8. Our optional Select-Shift Merc-O-Matic lets a man shift manually (and his wife automatically).

Mercury believes that better ideas make a better Man's Car. And a woman's, too.

So if the battle of the sexes starts again, don't blame us.



USO IS THERE ... ONLY IF YOU CARE

Who cares if he's up to his neck in a rice paddy, six thousand miles from home?

Who cares if he's lonely, at that frozen Arctic outpost?

Who cares how he feels, patrolling the barbed-wire edge of danger?

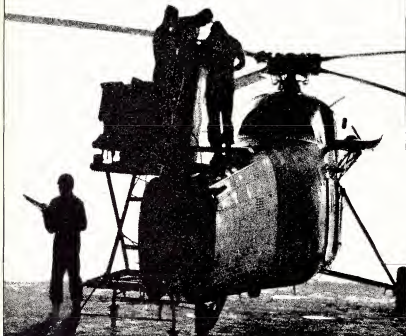
Who cares what he does, when his ship comes in to that teeming foreign port?

You care, when you give to USO. Because USO is there, bringing the grateful hand-clasp from home to faraway places. Bringing entertainment and laughter to our loneliest outposts. Offering a choice of con-

duct in overcrowded cities and camp towns here and overseas.

Is USO needed today? Just ask our 2,300,000 servicemen and women, who visited our 167 clubs and 71 camp shows over 20 million times last year!

Know a better way to say you're grateful to them, for helping to safeguard you? Remember, civilian-supported USO depends entirely on your contribution to your local United Fund or Community Chest. Give, because USO is there, only if you care!



from bows. They also use scines of agave fiber or explode dynamite caps that they get in trade with the mestizos. But lures are too slow for people who are fishing for food.

Many birds and animals are sources of food. At harvest, when wild turkeys appear in the mountains, the Indians build brush huts baited with grains of corn and wait patiently for a turkey to go inside, where he is trapped by a door that is dropped by a tug on a long string. The Indians kill cranes, ducks, wild pigeons and quail by throwing rocks at them. Woodpecker feathers are sought as an anesthetic for women in labor. Hummingbird heads are snapped off and the bodies dropped into a pot of beans. Hawk, eagle and vulture heads are potent medicine for a runner to wear on his belt.

There are a few old Mauser rifles, left over from revolutions, in the barranca country, and the Indians bargain for them to kill the bears that damage their crops. As any Tarahumara knows, a bear is good not only for soap and medicine, but its skin guarantees the chastity of the wearer and overcomes lust. The fat meat of peccaries is a gourmet item. The coyote, killer of goats and destroyer of green corn, is trapped. The Indians hunt wolves with rifles or poisoned arrows but have no use for the meat or pelts. There are otters in the streams of western Chihuahua, bobcats in packs in the forests of the canyons, and opossums, gray foxes and coatis. Skunks are killed for medicine. Gophers and rabbits make a nice stew. Field mice, pack rats and big storehouse rats are roasted or boiled. Jaguars and cougars prowls the barrancas and kill sheep and cattle, but they are wisely avoided by hunters armed only with rocks or arrows.

Deer, though, are prime game. The Tarahumares form teams to run down a deer, pursuing for days in relays until the animal falls of exhaustion. One trick is to find a deer trail and hammer pointed stakes into the earth just beyond a fallen log or other natural barricade. Dogs are starved for several days and used in the hunt to find the deer's scent, at which time the animal is chased down the trail, leaps the log and is impaled. The hunters

eat peyote in the belief that it makes them sharper and faster in the hunt and maybe less morose if the hunt fails.

When game is scarce, or when drought or hailstorms ruin the crops, the Indians starve. They rarely eat their domestic animals but when absolutely necessary will kill a pig or goat by stabbing its heart with a pointed stick or slaughter a cow by thrusting a knife into a neck artery. Mushrooms, berries, peaches, apples, toads, lizards and rattlesnakes are utilized as food. If a hunter is bitten by a snake, he is cured by having tobacco smoke blown into his face, by eating peyote or by having his friends hold the snake while he bites it back.

Obviously, then, the Tarahumares are not very sophisticated. Three hundred years of contact with Spaniards and Mexicans have yet to have much effect on Tarahumara culture, except that their ceremonies are a strange mingling of the Catholic and the pagan. The Mexican government and the Catholic Church are trying to educate the Indians—a mixed blessing—but it is a big country and funds are short. Two young government teachers in Cusurare want to teach their students to play baseball but lack the money for balls and bats. When we gave those two teachers a crate of brown soap, they declared a school holiday and took their pupils to Rio Cusurare for a bath. It was the first soap they'd had in a year. For the price of one bombing raid in Vietnam every Tarahumara in the barrancas could have food, soap and medical supplies. But that, of course, is not the way things ever work, and so to brighten their lives the Indians turn to *teguño* and peyote, games and fiestas. A fiesta is a catharsis and an expression of hope. There are fiestas for the curing of illness, for dedication of crops, for births, for deaths and for the harvest. The Indians give thanks for a good catch of fish by grinding narcotic roots and placing them before a cross. At each festival except the one celebrating death there is a game.

The most strenuous game is called *tá-curi* or *palillo*. *Tá-curi* is played with six to 10 players on a side, according to Pennington, with goals three-quarters of a mile apart. The ball is buried in the cen-

ter of the field. The captains try to dig the ball out of the earth with a bladed club that is then used to toss the ball in the air, and the Indians rush around whacking each other. The women play a game called *akubari*, using as a ball two pieces of wood tied by leather thongs. They attempt to cross goals a mile apart. There are many dice games. One is a variation of quince, one is played with the knucklebones of deer, and there is one that is something like backgammon.

But the most important and festive game is the kickball race called *rarejipari*. A major race is always held between runners of different *ejidos*. They run barefoot or in sandals, kicking a ball made of oak or *madroño* heart that has the team markings on it. The course, called a *rarejipawa*, is designated by cutting crosses in the bark of trees. The chiefs of the competing teams decide the time and place and length of the laps, anywhere from three to 12 miles. If it is a small race, such as one between individuals, no training is required. But for two to five days before a major race the runners must not drink *teguño*, must have no contact with women and must eat no fat, potatoes, eggs or sweets.

Magic is vital on the eve of a race. A chief will go to a burial cave with two kickballs and exhume a shinbone from a right leg. A jar of *teguño*, bowls of food, the kickballs and the shinbone are placed in front of a cross as a request for the dead person to weaken the chief's opponents. Other human bones are carried out and hidden in places where runners must pass. These bones are known to produce fatigue, and the chief tells his own runners the spots to avoid. Herbs are scattered in the wind or shaken to poison opposing runners. For each enchantment there is an antidote. Turtle and bat blood, powdered and mixed with tobacco, is smoked to counteract cheating.

Always a shaman, or medicine man, is consulted. He helps the chief rub the legs of the runners with herbs, smooth stones, goat grease, oil and boiled cedar branches, and he waves the witches away. The water the runners will drink is placed beneath a cross, and candles are lit on both sides. Runners carrying their kick-

continued

balls line up beside the cross while the shaman sings *The Song of the Gray Fox*. All food and drink are supplied by relatives. The runners make ceremonial turns around the cross in the number of laps they must run. Then all runners sleep beside the cross with an old man watching their vitals, since old people can see even if asleep.

Winning is hardly ever a result of who is faster or stronger. It is a result of bewitching. One anthropologist was seen taking the temperature of a runner, and all the opponents quit, certain they were having their spirits injected

perversions are responsible for blocking off the bettors who will race along with a runner to urge him on or to discourage him by suggesting that his wife is up to no good at that moment.

The afternoon of a race is occupied with betting. Poor as they are, the Indians bet bows, arrows, belts, clothing, spoils of thread, maize, sheep, goats, cattle, *tesguino* and, very rarely, money. Two or three hundred people will gather at the betting place, drinking and bickering, until all bets are settled. The runners are wrapped in blankets, and their legs are rubbed with warm water. A

Nearly all have some sort of magic with them—a glowworm, bird feathers or beads, a rattle of deer hooves and bumblebee that helps keep them from falling asleep. The runners of the different *ejidos* are distinguished by the colors of their headbands or by other symbols, such as the white plaster worn on the faces and legs of those from Batopilas. They move out at a steady trot, laughing at the game, for the first 40 or 50 miles. Crowds run along cheering and pointing where the kickballs went, since for a team to lose its kickball means disqualification. Women give the runners warm water and pinole. Pine torches light the course after dark. Within 50 miles some of the runners begin to drop out. Usually the race comes down to a contest in which only the strongest runner from each *ejido* remains. In a race that was matched for stamina rather than laps, early last spring the runners went from Friday afternoon at 5 until Sunday night at 11 and ran about 170 miles until there was only one man left.

The winner gets no prize but becomes immensely popular with the ladies, a questionable reward for a man who has been running for three days. The custom is for a better who has won a cow to give two pesos to the father of the winning runner. For a goat, the father gets half a peso, or about 4¢. Other winners may chip in a spool of thread, a piece of cloth, a jug of *tesguino*, whatever their pleasure moves them to contribute. When the big race is finished the Indians go back to a life that one described as: "I get up in the morning and eat pinole, if I have it. I sit on a rock all day and watch my goats. At night I pen the goats, eat more pinole if I have it, and sleep. And sometimes there are races."

As we were trying to organize a race, we found Juan Saffro walking behind a wooden plow in his cornfield in Cusurare—the Place of the Eagles. By Tarahumara standards, Juan is a very wealthy man. He has a house and a few horses and goats and enough water. The canyon walls rise straight up around Cusurare, and you can see the eagles coming down among the boulders. Wiping his face, Juan assured us a race would be a simple



The canyons are often more than a mile deep, and the trails are rocky even for goats.

into him. And, as in any game, bribery is not unknown. Each group of runners has six supervisors, some of whose duties are to keep drunks off the course and to prevent pregnant women, who are a bad influence, from watching the race. The supervisors also try to keep the runners from tripping each other or booting their opponents' kickballs away. The runners are watched for any sign that they are chewing the dried leaves and seeds of the *chicote* plant. It is said that a *chicote* chewer can blow his breath into the face of another runner and cause him to collapse within half a mile. Su-

perintors are responsible for blocking off the bettors who will race along with a runner to urge him on or to discourage him by suggesting that his wife is up to no good at that moment. The afternoon of a race is occupied with betting. Poor as they are, the Indians bet bows, arrows, belts, clothing, spoils of thread, maize, sheep, goats, cattle, *tesguino* and, very rarely, money. Two or three hundred people will gather at the betting place, drinking and bickering, until all bets are settled. The runners are wrapped in blankets, and their legs are rubbed with warm water. A

Many of the runners chew the tips of *jikari* and peyote as a stimulant.

matter. We could start it at the lodge. As the days passed with no race we began to wonder if the Indians were reluctant to come to the lodge. Not only were Anglos there, but last spring an Indian named Marino, who had been in Mexico City to inquire about running on the Olympic team, came home and found that his wife had been unreliable and his brother was the villain. For his complaints, Marino was stabbed to death by his brother in front of Cabeñas Barranca del Cobre while his own son held his arms. There had been police, and of course it was distasteful. So we spoke to Juan again and located Sebastian, chief of the San Ignacio Tarahumares, in Creel. Both told us that we could see a race, and Sebastian said he would throw in a fiesta. And so at last, one dusk, the Indians appeared at the lodge, to be sent away again and told to go to San Ignacio the next morning.

We were there before noon. Sebastian lives with wives, children, pigs and goats in a large cave looking out on a valley floor. Several hundred Indians had gathered. They had set up a cross in a circle of stamped earth. Some of the men were wearing their *motachines*—headaddresses made of crepe paper. Chief Sebastian's *motachine* was, to be sure, the grandest, as it was hung with gold-colored ornaments and had in its center a pocket mirror that looked as if it came from a lady's compact. The chief wore a tunic, a loincloth, a cape, a headband under his *motachine* and had rattles tied to his ankles. The women ran a short hoop race, tossing their hoops ahead of them with sticks, lifting their long skirts daintily as they bounded across the valley floor beneath the high rimrock. "But before the men can race, we must dance," said Chief Sebastian.

The musicians came out with homemade guitars and violins, crude and unvarnished, and with a round Tarahumare drum that is often heard in the mountains. As the men began to do the *bascole*, an odd, hopping dance, in front of the cross, the violinist and guitarist played *da-da-da da-da-da da-da-da da-da-da*, over and over again. The sound became a bit irritating. Chief Sebastian kept dashing out to scold and correct

the dancers. The fact was, the Tarahumares could not dance very well. After the *bascole* was finished, Shel showed them how to do a west Texas two-step, a sort of cowboy polka that the Indians admired but found too complicated to imitate. Then Chief Sebastian performed another dance in which he hopped back and forth between two white wooden swords held above his head by two other dancers who shuffled around. When he was through, I asked what the dance signified, thinking it probably had something to do with the Spanish conquest of the Indians.

"I don't know," Chief Sebastian said, as if he considered the question absurd. "We've always danced this way. I guess the swords mean a big man. What difference does it make?"

By now the runners were ready. There were four of them, dressed in burlap diapers. First, though, Chief Sebastian went through some business with a bow and arrow. The idea was that he shot arrows at you to test your courage. The arrows were so crooked that the only danger was to people standing to either side. At last Chief Sebastian was ready for the race to begin. A hundred or so Indians had climbed onto the rimrock for a better view. The runners were practicing with their kickballs, digging their bare toes under the balls and flipping them 30 or 40 feet.

Summoning a tall, noble-looking Indian named Valentine, Shel explained through an interpreter that he wanted the runners to start the race about 50 yards away and come past him as he lay on the ground. Shel pointed to the place he wanted them to go. Valentine nodded and explained to the runners. They looked at Shel, laughed and, flipping their kickballs ahead of them, set off on a path out of the valley, trotting along at a steady pace, yelling to each other like children. Loquito got his cameras ready and sprawled in the dirt. The runners went up the path and out of sight.

We waited, assuming they would soon turn and come back. Valentine stood with his arms folded. The other Indians were sitting up on the rocks or out at the mouth of the cave. We kept waiting. Ten minutes passed. The sun was

heating up the valley floor. A hawk floated at the edge of the rimrock. Five more minutes went by.

"Somebody ask that guy where they went," Shel said.

"They went where you told them," said Valentine.

"Where's that?" Shel said.

"Up there. Where you pointed," said Valentine.

He pointed to a cross at the crest of a mountain at least 10 miles away. The Indians place crosses at mountain passes to prevent evil spirits from bothering travelers. The runners, seeing Shel's vague gesture, had thought he wanted them to run up to the cross. We told Valentine a mistake had been made. "Oh," he said. "Then I will get them."

He ran up the path out of the valley, chasing four runners who had a 15-minute lead and were bound for what was to us a very distant location over narrow trails.

"We may as well eat," said the chief.

We opened up the animal crackers, the candy and the food we had bought in Creel. The Indians produced pineapples, beans, tortillas and *resguao*. It became a picnic, with more dancing, sawing on violins, drum-thumping and singing. We gave out empty film cans as gifts, and they were received as treasures. In Tarahumare country a tin can is not to be buried but to be left out for the Indians to find. There was quite a lot of laughter. Someone got up a game of throwing stones at a hole.

After an hour we saw a tiny figure come over the rim and descend into the valley. Valentine arrived at the cave, not even breathing hard. He took a handful of animal crackers and began munching happily.

"Did you catch them?" I asked.

"Oh, sure," he said. "I had no ball to kick, so I was much faster."

"Where are they?" said Shel.

"They will return by and by," Valentine said. "They are going to run to a place beyond the cross and then run back. It is only 30 kilometers or so, not much of a race, but they want to please you. They knew you wanted a race, and it is a good fiesta, and a short run is fine fun."

END

Basketball's Week

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

It was holiday time, and the sound of the consolation game was in the land. Where there is a consolation game, or two, or five, there is a basketball tournament, and this year the NCAA scheduled more tournaments than ever before: 48, in fact, of what are called "principal in-season tournaments." Thirty-five of them occurred over a 12-day period during the holidays, and that's a lot of consolation games. If the sport's festival time proved anything, however, it is that home is not always happy for the holidays, and that determining the best teams in the land must wait until conference races are over—when tournaments again will provide the answers.

THE EAST 1. PRINCETON (8-1) 2. BOSTON COLLEGE (9-1) 3. PROVIDENCE (9-2)

Born in Boston, a prep at North Carolina, a college student in Providence, Jimmy Walker is now New York's boy. For the second straight year, the Holiday Festival crowds in Madison Square Garden were

dazzled by Walker's presence. After St. John's and Brigham Young, two anticipated powers, were eliminated by NORTH-WESTERN 62-60 and ST. JOSEPH'S 67-64, respectively, the field lost some of its luster. But Walker scored 37 points to lead Providence past Duquesne 82-55; then against Northwestern he went man-to-man against the Wildcats' strong guard, Jim Burns, and, though missing 25 floor shots, still scored 38 points. Burns got 26 himself but the Friars pulled away at the end and won 91-79. St. Joseph's meanwhile displayed a masterfully coached full-court pressing defense and, helped by Cliff Anderson's 39 points, ran Rhode Island out of the Garden 89-75. Asked how he would play Walker, rookie Coach Jack McKinney said, "Three Mafia guys will stop him at the hotel." But the next night, to the notes of "The Hawk is dead" from one end of the arena and "The Hawk will never die" from the other, the Hawks did stop Walker—for 20 minutes. Leading 45-35 at the half, St. Joe's offense died against the Friar zone—it could not hit from outside or control the offensive boards. Walker then took more and more personal control. In a decisive 11-minute period he scored 14 points and passed off for four other baskets, as the roaring acclaim of 18,499 showered down on him. Providence won going away 82-76, Walker had 25 points and New Yorkers were swearing again that here was the finest all-around player in the land.

GEORGETOWN manhandled the field at the Kodak City Classic in Rochester, defeating Purdue 104-82 and Dartmouth 101-69. And CONNECTICUT won its own Invitational, outscoring George Washington 89-69 and Virginia 100-79.

THE SOUTHWEST 1. HOUSTON (11-1) 2. TEXAS WESTERN (8-2) 3. SMU (7-3)

In the Arkansas State Invitational HOUSTON dogged it past a couple of easy marks. Elvin Hayes and Don Chaney scored 22 points apiece as the Cougars defeated Kent State 85-73. The Flashes made it close on four goal-sending violations by Hayes but Chaney got the points right back by making seven steals. In the championship game against Arkansas State Hayes rammed in two stiff shots to get the Cougars home 68-58. For the two games, Hayes had 45 points and 39 rebounds.

El Paso's Sun Carnival usually is the setting where Texas Western lures three vic-

tims to its mountain retreat and hacks them into small bits as Miner supporters whoop with glee. This year the TW buckers only roared at the officiating. SOUTHERN ILLINOIS went with a 1-3-1 zone to keep David Lattin from the ball, and when Diddy D got a little boisterous going for it he was called for three fouls within eight minutes. The Salukis upset the Miners 59-54 as Ralph Johnson scored 22 points. But in the final Southern came up against SMU, and the zone was not good enough. Denny Holman scored 13 points, the last two on foul shots with nine seconds left, to win it for the Mustangs 66-64.

The nation's oldest tournament had the holidays' biggest surprise when underdog MONTANA STATE upset solid Texas 91-87 and previously undefeated Temple 68-60 to reach the finals of the 31st All-College tourney in Oklahoma City. Then, against a typical Abe Lemons ("When in doubt, shoot") Oklahoma City team, the Bobcats did it again—an 82-81 overtime chiller for the championship.

THE SOUTH 1. NORTH CAROLINA (9-0) 2. FLORIDA (7-1) 3. WESTERN KENTUCKY (9-1)

Out of the mud of Duke's collapse has risen another terror of the South, the Tar Heels of NORTH CAROLINA. Coach Dean Smith's tall and dexterous team has received outstanding performances from 6-foot-11 Rasty Clark and Guard Dick Grubb, two sophomores, but it is the brilliance of Carolina's two stars, Larry Miller and Bob Lewis, that has made the team go and given UNC a 27-point-average winning spread over its nine opponents—the best in the nation. After OHIO STATE surprised Duke 83-82 despite Bob Verge's 41 points, Carolina destroyed the Buckeyes 105-82, as Clark scored 24 points and Miller and Lewis got 23 each.

The ACC added to its prestige when member teams won three tournaments. CLEMSON coasted to the Pensacola Classic title with wins over LSU and Furman, while MARYLAND won the Charlotte Invitational, and NORTH CAROLINA STATE, considered a pushover in preseason speculation, rolled over Pittsburgh 80-52 and South Carolina 76-63 to capture the Triangle Classic at Raleigh.

Kentucky's demise seemed complete after the Wildcats were humiliated by CORNELL 92-77 for their fourth loss in Lexington. Poor defense is betraying Adolph Rupp, but no more so than the Kentucky fans, who are proving that they are from-runners. Hecklers rained insults upon Rupp, and home fans began rooting for Cornell in the most recent loss. The big shift in the Southeastern Conference is to FLORIDA. The lowering Gators, with Coach



FESTIVAL MVP Jimmy Walker displays the trophy he won for the second straight year.

Tommy Bartlett claiming his team belongs in the Top Ten, destroyed Georgia 78-64 and VPI 92-73 to carry off the Gator Bowl trophy.

Earlier, in Miami, Western Kentucky, which may face a season-long march back to recognition after its opening loss to Vanderbilt, took one important step—the Hurricane Classic Championship—but looked underwhelming in victories over Holy Cross 90-84 and Miami 94-89. The Hilltoppers blew a 45-point lead against the host team before Clem (The Gator) Huskins, with 25 points, and Wayne Chapman, with 19, snapped them out of it.

Snow conditions forced BRADLEY to fly from Des Moines to Kansas City to St. Louis to New Orleans for the Sugar Bowl tournament, but the delay did not keep the Braves from victory. After defeating Tennessee's control game 60-51, Bradley needed a jump shot by Al Smith in the final seconds to beat Utah for the championship 64-62. The Utes, with 6-foot-2 leaper Merv Jackson getting 31 points and 16 rebounds, humbled Brown College in its first loss, 90-88.

THE MIDWEST

1. LOUISVILLE (11-0) 2. IOWA (7-2) 3. CINCINNATI (8-1)

After its pre-Christmas disappointments on the road, KANSAS spread-eagled the field in the Big Eight tournament. The Jayhawks defeated a good Colorado team 72-54 when Jo Jo White held Pat Frink to three field goals, then got past Oklahoma 86-73. But in the final, against a surprising Iowa State, the Kansases ran up against a tough zone that stopped Pickles Vanoy and Roger Bohlenstiel underneath. It took superb outside shooting by White and sophomore Phil Harmon to put down the Cyclones 63-57.

Evansville and Deaton were two gracious hosts, both losing two games in their Invationals. NEW MEXICO STATE beat William & Mary 62-49 for the Evansville title, while MIAH OF OHIO, giving far warning to its Mid-American Conference foes, bombed Tulane 87-52 for the Motor City championship.

While LOUISVILLE was winning in the Quaker City, and Big Ten teams were running around the country being embarrassed, Cincinnati and Iowa put on an interesting show in Chicago. Most interesting—and gratifying to Iowa's Ralph Miller—was the play of Tom Chapman. As a sophomore, Chapman had a scoring average of 2; as a junior, of 3. This year he is carrying the surprising Hawkeyes with an average of more than 20. He scored 25 against Cincinnati, including three quick baskets to begin the second half as Iowa's press cracked the Bearcats' control game and handed them their first loss 78-69. The win established Iowa as the team to watch in the Big Ten.



AROUND BATTLE in Hurricane Classic involves Western Kentucky's Wayne Chapman and Miami's Dan Rodgers. The Hilltoppers defeated the host team for the championship 94-89.

As 6-foot-10 sophomore Dan O'Brien improves, DAYTON improves. O'Brien came off the bench to score 14 points, put the clamps on Loyola's Jim Tillman, and the Flyers beat the Ramblers 100-90. But the only undisciplined team in Ohio is toledo, where Steve Mix has Rocket fans talking national ranking. Mix scored 31 points in an 86-76 win over Butler.

THE WEST

1. UCLA (8-0) 2. NEW MEXICO (9-1) 3. SEATTLE (9-1)

UCLA slaughtered Wisconsin 100-56 in the first round of the Los Angeles Classic, but Georgia Tech's Whack Hyder, scouting the Bruins after his team's 101-70 victory over Michigan, wasn't that impressed. "I think we have a chance," said Whack. The Yellow Jackets, clicking early, actually took an 11-5 lead, but Mike Warren and Kenny Heitz rallied the Bruins. Lew Alcindor took over in the second half, and Tech went down 91-72. "It's different when you're on the bench and when you're in the stands," said Whack. SOUTHERN CAL's Bob Boyd knew the difference, having already been whipped once by UCLA. "They've tried man-to-man, they've tried a 1-3-1 zone, they've tried a 2-3 zone. How about a box-and-one zone?" he said. So Friday morning Boyd had the Frogs practice that defense in street clothes on the deserted USC campus. And that night, sure enough, Boyd stopped Alcindor. King Pyrrhus stopped the Romans, too.

The first five times UCLA came downcourt its teammates could not get the ball into Lew. So first Lynn Shackelford shot, then Lucas Allen, then Heitz, then Warren, then Shackelford again—and UCLA led 10-0. Southern Cal never recovered and, follow-

ing the Bruins' 107-83 victory (Alcindor ended up with 25 points) for their fifth straight Classic title, Boyd was thinking about another box for Lew—this one made of wood, heavily weighted, to dump in the Pacific.

In the WCAC tournament—another of the strange affairs where a whole conference season is practically decided in three nights—PACIFIC met San Francisco in the final, which was expected, and won, which also was expected, 59-51. Coach Dick Edwards' players needed a piece of luck to get the Tigers past California (Santa Barbara). Behind 75-73 with 17 seconds left, Cal played with the ball a bit too long and failed to get off a shot. San Francisco, with 55 points from Dennis Black, beat Pepperdine 86-71 and Loyola 81-68, but blew an early 10-point lead in the final game.

In Portland, Oregon State, which had won 10 straight Far West Classics (a span of 27 consecutive winning games) lost three times. Indiana knocked the Beavers out of the tourney 71-60, and all the favorites went with them: St. Louis, beaten 91-82 by WASHINGTON; West Virginia, a 92-86 loser to Washington State; and Minnesota, which lost to Oregon 67-60. Finally Washington defeated Washington State for the title 80-72.

In the Lobo Invitational, form prevailed in powerful new service beat Texas A&M 85-54 and tough Colorado State 66-49, with Mel Daniels totaling 51 points.

CALIFORNIA (Berkeley) won the real haul-day tournament, the Rainbow Classic in Honolulu, with a 60-45 victory over the Pacific Submarine Forces in the final. And SEATTLE, the region's foremost independent, won the Seattle Legion championship, 80-

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

EMERGENCE (CONT.)

Sirs:

Martin Kane's recent article, *A Very Web-come Redoubt* (Dec. 19), was both informative and awesome—awesome because I feel that if others such as John Velzman were to help the Africans in sport they would walk away with the Olympic title. But I gather that it will undoubtedly be a long struggle, and I would like to help. I have a field javelin that I bought and am unable to use, and I would like to send it to an athlete in Africa.

Will you give me John Velzman's address so that I may ship the javelin to him? Then Kenya will have two javelins and, maybe, top contenders in the 1968 Olympics.

ROBERT L. FAUX

Big Spring, Texas

● Coach Velzman's address is Marlborough Road, Box 30424, Nairobi, Kenya.—ED.

Sirs:

Earlier last year my ship made stops at a few West African ports. The final stop before returning home was Dakar, where we were challenged to participate in a couple of sporting contests with the men from the Senegalese army encampment. We met the challenge with a basketball team from the U.S.S. *Liberty* (AGTR-5) and a volleyball squad, whose only practice sessions had been conducted on the fantail of the ship while under way. We journeyed to the camp and were pitted against a well-organized, fast-breaking basketball team, playing on the same court pictured in your article (*Sport in Emerging Africa*, Dec. 19). We lost 75-55. Results of the volleyball game were similar: we were completely outclassed.

Although the scores were lopsided, I must wholeheartedly agree that the Africans still lack proper coaching. The present staff of coaches is enthusiastic, but they lack experience in tough competition. When a prize coaching staff finds these talented men and works with them as hard as they are willing to work, then watch for a grand-style African emergence.

ROBERT CASALE, USN

Sonoma, Calif

SILVER THREADS

Sirs:

Your December 19 Holiday Issue was splendid. However, let me add a footnote on two of your Silver Anniversary All-Americans.

Navy was undefeated when it came to Cambridge that year and Harvard was going to be massacred. However, Dick Harlow had devised his looping defenses and his line was good. Late in the third period (or maybe

early fourth) there was still no score, and the Crimson dared hope for the so-called moral victory. They came close to doing more.

Harvard kicked from its own 30—a high one. Bill Busik was back waiting for the ball, and down under it, coming fast and alone, was Endicott Peabody. Everybody thought that Busik would signal a fair catch, but, so—he figured he could get away with it. Peabody must have hit him about one one-hundredth of a second after he caught the ball. You've never heard such a crash, and Busik went back five yards. The ball and Busik separated, and Harvard recovered—I don't think it was Peabody—on the Navy 18. The stands went wild, but, as usual, Harvard had no offense and the game ended scoreless.

REDINALD KERNAN

Paris

Sirs:

No single football episode has remained so vividly in my memory as that of Pearson's Bob Peters crashing Bill Busik out of bounds after a long chase. Perhaps the commando can still feel it—I don't believe he returned to the game. Although my subsequent trips to Palmer Stadium were "down from the hills of Hanover," I was very happy to read again of a Tiger who remains one of my all-time football heroes. And "Stashy" Pearson's selection should please all Hanoverians, for he occupies a special niche in the Dartmouth tradition.

ROBERT C. RINGSTAD

Brooklyn

Sirs:

William (Indian Bill) Geyer not only heads a prospering manufacturing company, with factories in many states, but also holds such honors as the vice-chairmanship of the College University Board of Trustees and the presidency of the New York Touchdown Club. Please don't dismiss one of College's favorite sons by merely saying that he raises funds for the college and hunts in Africa.

JOEL J. PARKER

Bronxville, N.Y.

VEE DAY

Sirs:

I was delighted to read Kim Chapin's article, *The Bug Is Swift—But Old My!* (Dec. 12). That the Formula Vee racing class has grown to the status of mentoring a feature story in the nation's leading sport publication is a great personal thrill to me, for it is in a great measure due to my efforts and those of William S. Duckworth that the class was launched and has prospered.

Mr. Hubert Brundage, whom you mention as the creator of the class, asked me to

assume responsibility for the further development of the car and the sponsoring of a class for competition in the Sports Car Club of America when his many interests precluded his devoting the time he felt the project deserved. He presented the Nardi car to us, and a corporation was formed, known as Formcar Constructors, Inc., with me as president and Mr. Duckworth as vice-president. The car was considerably reworked. Mr. Brundage greatly assisted us by making hard-to-get parts available, and he continued his interest until his unfortunate death in a motorcycle accident.

I wrote the original constitution and by-laws of the Formula Vee Association, basing them on the existing bylaws of the International Star Class Yacht Racing Association, adding the special technical data for the control of Formula Vee. These control rules remain in effect today.

We produced, under the trade name Formcar, the first 150 Formula Vees. During this time the SCCA accepted Formula Vee as an official class. With the class established, a number of other manufacturers also began to produce Formula Vees and, through an international network of dealers, Formcar introduced Formula Vee racing to worldwide competition. To date, we have sold over 400, and we are proud to say our cars have many wins to their credit.

It is not my intention to in any way diminish the part that Mr. Brundage played in the birth of this class, but only to complete the biographical sketch contained within Kim Chapin's fine article.

GEORGE M. SMITH
Colonel, USAF (ret.)

Orlando, Fla.

ANNUAL REPORT

Sirs:

I wonder if you have noticed the amazing improvement made by the "rabbits," Chris Blocker (*Rabbit Chase King*, Jan. 18, 1965), on the professional golf tour during the past year. While his official winnings of \$8,361.89 are rather meager in comparison to those of some of the other professionals with whom he competes, it represents a growth of 119% over the previous year (\$4, Jan. 17, 1964). At this fantastic rate he stands to win \$18,312.54 (officially) in 1967 and become the leading money winner early in the next decade. That's what I call picking a winner.

BILL RAHNEN

Mustang, Okla.

VAAGGAMER (CONT.)

Sirs:

I read your article on James Van Allen's answer to grief in golf (*Unwashed Sport*, continued

EDITORIAL & ADVERTISING CORRESPONDENCE

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED,
Two A Life Building, Rockefeller Center,
New York, New York 10036.

TIME Inc. also publishes TIME, LIFE, FORTUNE and, in conjunction with its subsidiaries, the international editions of TIME and LIFE. Chairman of the Board, Andrew Wrensch, Chairman, Executive Committee, Roy B. Larsen; Chairman, Finance Committee, Charles L. Schaefer; President, Joan A. Lerner; Executive Vice President and Treasurer, D. W. Brantingham; Vice President and Secretary, Bernard Baran; Vice President and Assistant to the President, Arnold W. Carlson; Vice President and Counselor, John F. Harvey; Vice President, Charles A. Adams; Richard M. Auer, Rhine Auerell, Edgar R. Baker, Charles B. Bear, Clay Backlund, R. M. Buckley, Charles L. Glimson Jr., John I. Hadenreich, Jerome S. Huddy, Sidney E. Janus, Arthur W. Kenler, Henry Lee III, Ralph L. Pike Jr., William C. Pollock Jr., Herbert Schuler, James R. Shogler, Garry York, Assistant Controller and Assistant Secretary, Carrie C. Moninger, Assistant Treasurers, W. G. Davis, Evan S. Egoch, Richard B. McKenough, Assistant Secretary, William E. Bishop.

Sports Illustrated

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

Please include a SPORTS ILLUSTRATED label to insure prompt service whenever you write about your subscription.

MAIL TO:
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED,
540 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60611,
Charles A. Adams, Vice President

TO SUBSCRIBE
and this form with your payment,
check one:

☐ new subscription ☐ renew my subscription.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES
U.S. and Canada \$12.00
Military personnel in service in the world 1 yr \$6.00
All other 1 yr \$10.00

CHANGE OF ADDRESS attach label here

If you're moving please let us know five weeks before changing your address. Please reattach address label here, print your new address below. If you have a question about your subscription, please your magazine address label here and clip this form to your letter.

4-977

address

city

state

zip code

18TH HOLE

Called MAGG, Nov. 28) and was extremely enthusiastic about it—until I tried it. Although the system allowed me to knock about seven strokes off my normal nine-hole round, I found it only slightly more enjoyable than practicing at a driving range. VAAAGG removes most of the qualities that make golf so enjoyable: 1) the feeling of power derived from a good drive, 2) the feeling of beauty derived from a high, arching approach shot, 3) the skill involved in selecting the proper club and the satisfaction of using it as it was designed to be used, and, most important, 4) the knowledge that every single shot counts. I cannot think of a sport where the participant gets a second chance every step of the way. It's just not competitive.

I agree with Mr. Van Alen's criticisms of golf, and it would be unfair of me to criticize his scoring system without submitting my own. It is as follows: the 100-plus golfer who wants to break 100, but doesn't want to be frustrated in the knowledge that he is cheating and losing good balls, should simply take mulligans where he deems them necessary, use inexpensive balls and improve his lie as he wishes. All that is important is that the golfer remember to mention, when relating his score to others, that he played the Klupman system rather than that of the USGA. Sol Klupman is my father-in-law. He uses the system, shoots over 100 every way and enjoys it, as Mr. Van Alen apparently does not.

BOB BACHARACH

Santa Monica, Calif.

BY THE NUMBERS

Sirs:

As a helpful guide to the future UCLA opponents I have compiled some statistics on Lew Alcindor from the first three games on the UCLA schedule. They correlate the number of points scored by Alcindor at each of the three games, the number of players each opposing team assigned to guard him and the resulting margin of each UCLA victory.

	POINTS	GUARDS	MARGIN
USC	56	1	15
Duke (2nd)	38	2	20
Duke (1st)	49	3	34

It is obvious that every additional player guarding Alcindor reduces his point output by 19. This a team can reduce him to no points whatsoever by using four guards. However, if this is done, UCLA will win by something like 60 points! Hence the opposite direction should be tried. Using no guards at all on Alcindor would give him 76 points, but would result in a closer game, with UCLA winning by only 11 or 12 points.

Is there any chance of beating them? Yes! It must be noted that USC scored one more goal than UCLA (39-38). UCLA's winning

margin came entirely on free throws. Therefore, the intelligent way to beat UCLA is: 1) Don't guard Alcindor at all, 2) Don't foul; and 3) Score 77 points. The final score would be 77-76, and Alcindor would be so tired from carrying the entire load himself, he wouldn't be right for two weeks.

DEAN B. KIRK

Los Altos, Calif.

Sirs:

I have discovered a way to stop Lew Alcindor! Tie his feet together, grouse his hands and double-team him with Mel Daniels and Daddy D Lutton. Simple!

BOB DUBOISE

East Lansing, Mich.

Sirs:

From the looks of your December 5 college basketball cover, it appears that UCLA is not exactly shining in the cheerleading department, either.

ROB FREER

JOHN FREER

Garrett Park, Md.

THE GREATEST GOOD

Sirs:

We of the Sierra Club appreciate the support SI has given us in our goals and struggles. We likewise understand your perplexity about our Mineral King policy (SI, October, Dec. 19), because the name perplexed us, too. Our concern about overdevelopment of the primitively beautiful, avalanche-swept valley of Mineral King is part of our broad concern with the nation's moving into the future with a fair balance between mass recreation and the planned protection of the wilderness upon which high-quality recreation depends. Except for the accident of mineralization, once thought important to the area, Mineral King would now be part of Sequoia National Park and would be protected as the superb corridor it now is to some of Sequoia's finest back country.

Your headline, "For the Greatest Number," is a nice slogan, but it should not be detached from what went with it in the first place: "The greatest good . . . in the long run." There are few, if any, mountain places in this country that have the unique storm attributes of Mineral King. There are many places where development for mass winter use can be begun or added to, and we have supported such development. To mass-develop Mineral King would be to eliminate its rare values permanently and substitute something of less value and certainly more common. In other words, it would wipe out an important minority right without adding enough new to what the majority already has, or can augment, elsewhere. There are no other primitive Mineral Kings anywhere.

DAVID BROWER

New York City



One of the strongest features of a Chris-Craft is made of paper.

And boldly printed on the paper is the word *Warranty*.

Chris-Craft warrants "For the first 36 months or 400 hours of operation, whichever comes first, Chris-Craft Corporation will repair or replace, at its option, parts defective by reason of faulty workmanship or material returned to the selling dealer with transportation charges, in the event of manufacture. For the first 12 months or 200 hours of operation, whichever comes first, Chris-Craft will pay the labor costs as determined by its schedule for removal and reinstallation of such parts. Chris-Craft does not warrant used boat or engine purchases, parts, accessories, chrome, gelcoat, racing boats or engines, altered boats or parts or speeds

You probably would agree that this is a very liberal warranty.

You may even think Chris-Craft stands to take a licking living up to it (especially if you've had some bad experiences with other kinds of boats).

But the truth is that this iron-clad Chris-Craft warranty is based on a very conservative estimate of what you as an owner

can expect of Chris-Craft quality and performance.

After all, we couldn't afford to warrant products that don't last.

Model shown above is the 38' Commander, an all-fiberglass six-sleeper. Twin V8's or diesels. From \$31,790 f.o.b. factory. For information write to Chris-Craft Corporation, Pompano Beach, Florida 33061.

HAVE A FIRESIDE PICNIC

Golden toasted cheeseburgers, a green salad and ice-cold Coca-Cola. Serve before a friendly fire. That's a fireside picnic! You can vary the foods, but make sure you always serve Coca-Cola. It has the taste you never get tired of. That's why things go better with Coke after Coke after Coke.

Coke
TRADE-MARK
Coca-Cola
TRADE MARK ®

